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"HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH."

A YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

My cottage home is fill'd with light
  The long, long summer day,
But, ah! I dearer love the night,
  And hail the sinking ray.
For eve restores me one whose smile
  Doth more than morning's match,—
And life afresh seems dawning while
  His hand is on the latch!

When autumn fields are thick with sheaves,
  And shadows earlier fall,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves
  Along our trellis'd wall,—
I dreaming sit,—the sleepy bird
  Faint twittering in the thatch,—
To wake to joy when soft is heard
  His hand upon the latch!

In the short winter afternoon
  I throw my work aside,
And through the lattice, whilst the moon
  Shines mistily and wide,
On the dim upland paths I peer
  In vain his form to catch,—
I startle with delight, and hear
  His hand upon the latch!

Yes; I am his in storm and shine;
  For me he toils all day;
And his true heart I know is mine,
  Both near me and away.
And when he leaves our garden gate
  At morn, his steps I watch,—
Then patiently till eve await
  His hand upon the latch!

—*Berni.*

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

—"*Maidenhood.*"—*Longfellow.*

The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in Heaven. Pray, tell me
  more
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.

—*Longfellow.*

"Come here, Julia; I want to speak to you."

"In a moment, mamma;" but the girl exhibited no haste to obey the command, continuing quietly to arrange her curls in irreproachable order before she performed her mother's bidding. Then, when her caprice was satisfied, she turned away from the mirror and threw herself into a low arm-chair beside the window, in front of an imperious, well-preserved lady, attired in a stiff, rustling silk and elaborate Parisian coiffure, exclaiming, "Well, mamma, I am ready."

"So it seems; and you have taken your time about it."

"Of course; what earthly use is there in being in a hurry?"

"Not much, certainly; although it is a mother who calls, and there is a popular weakness in favor of obedience to such persons," answered Lady Shirley, bitterly.

"Oh, yes, yes; but you and I have long since abandoned ceremony; and now, at any rate, the effect of the disobedience is satisfactory," replied the other, glancing critically at her full-length reflection in the pier-glass opposite.

"Tolerably. The Count admires ringlets so much more than braids; and, therefore, although I cannot say I think them so becoming to you, still, as he does, you have done wisely to adopt them."

"Surely, you don't suppose I have done it to please him!"

"Of course I do, and applaud you for it. It is not every girl who has the wisdom to prefer interest to vanity; and although the Count is not an Adonis, his rank—"

"I hate it. I hate him!"

"Nonsense! you will get over that. Consider—"

"I have—I do, until I am half mad. Thinking drives me frantic!"

"Act, then."

"How?"

"Bring him to the point at once; he only requires a little encouragement and opportunity. You give him the first; I will take care he has the last."

"I don't doubt it, but it will do no good. I cannot encourage him; I detest his very name!"

"That is folly—missyness. I daresay you do not love him; but what does that matter? How many girls do love the men they marry—one in a hundred?"

"Perhaps! But I mean to be the one!"

"Absurd! Don't be silly, or waste time in such idle talk, or I shall indeed think you are mad!"

"Why? Because I don't choose to lay myself out to entrap this man—this Count; because I don't grasp at the idea of selling myself, body and soul, that a few plebeian hinds may call me *Countess*—a few women make way for me to pass before them—because I don't choose to do this, but act honestly and truly, believing and intending to keep the oaths I take, you think me mad?"

"Have I not cause?"

"No! Yet"—and the girl laughed bitterly—"what else must sentiments of honor, virtue, or truth, sound from my lips but the ravings of insanity!"

Lady Shirley moved impatiently.

"Have you done, Julia? Really we have no time to trifle; your cousin will be here directly. Can you be rational for five minutes and listen to me?"

"Go on—I hear!" and Julia's face resumed its usual hard expression. "But, first,"—and she turned for an instant to her mother—"answer me a question. You are a woman, married, and a mother. You must have a heart?"

"You are mistaken. I had one once, but it died long since."

"Ha! How? Why?"

"It is an old story, and a long one. I have forgotten it."

"What came to you when your heart died?"

"Ambition. The love of power and rank. And these have filled the vacuum well. I should be satisfied could I only see my children in the position I desire."

"And that would be?"

"A coronet for you—a rich and noble wife for your brother."

"My brother William? But will he consent to be thus bought and sold, think you?" asked Julia.

"Why not? He is a man of the world."

"Yes, and no. I can hardly tell that; but even so, he has an honest, simple heart. He might love a peasant, and, in that case, would marry her."

"No. He will marry your cousin."

"Beatrice Lyle?"

"Yes!"

"How do you know that?" asked Julia.

"I shall make him!" replied the mother.

"Impossible!"

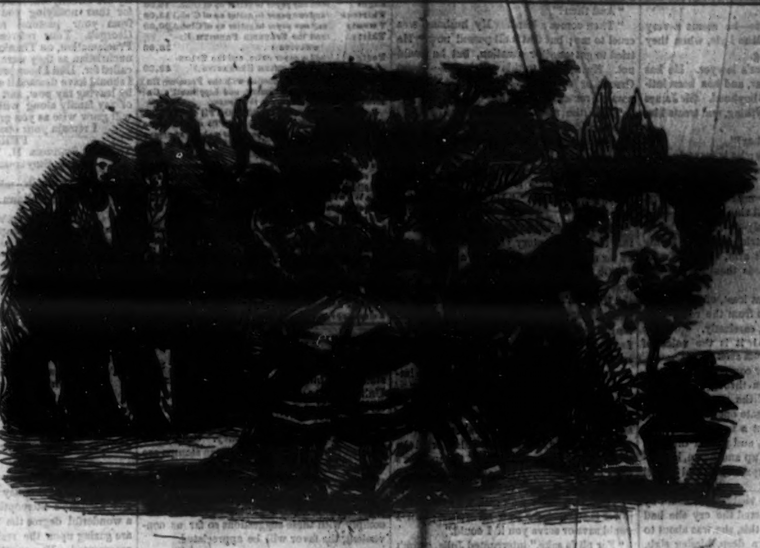
"We shall see. When you get a little older, you, like Napoleon, will erase that word from your vocabulary. As for William and Beatrice, I have settled that long ago. They are made for each other; there is no other match in England so suitable for him. Rich, free, and well-born—what could he desire more?"

"Not much, certainly. And it is with this view you have invited her here?"

"To be sure!"

"How was it she did not come eight or ten months since, immediately after my uncle, her father, died?"

"She went to stay with the rector of the parish, and I was not sorry for it. William was away, so nothing could be done in that matter; and your father gave such a description of her utter want of discipline—cry, cry, cry, all day long, until she made herself perfectly frightful—that I was not at all anxious to press the invitation until she recovered her senses."



BEATRICE AND JULIA IN THE GARDEN—THE SURPRISE.

"Quite right. I hate weeping beauties."

"But she is not a beauty; or rather, was not when I saw her, two years back. She may have improved since."

"What was she like, then?"

"A tall, awkward, unfledged girl, with great black eyes and hair."

"A crane!"

Julia smiled a well-pleased smile, and threw back her long blonde curls.

"Yes, you are right!" said the mother, answering aloud the unspoken thought. "She is not so handsome as you are; you need not fear her rivalry!"

"I hope not, for her sake. But ah!"—and forgetting for a moment where and with whom she was, Miss Shirley sprang to her feet, threw open the window and leaned out, for she had caught sight of a tall, manly figure, crossing the lawn from the plantations, and gazing on it, speedily became oblivious of all else.

Too much accustomed to her vagaries to be surprised at anything, Lady Shirley made no remark upon her daughter's present proceeding, never suspecting it had any special cause, until at last, after having spoken unheeded several times, she rose and approached the window, saying rather angrily,

"What in the world are you doing, Julia? Can't you hear me speak?"

"Yes—no! I beg your pardon!" and she drew back hastily, face, neck, and brow deep red with blushes, which her mother perceiving, glanced quickly and sternly from her to the lawn, from which she just saw the skirts of a man's coat disappear.

"Who's that?" she cried, instantly bending forward. "Who have you been looking at? Who is it?"

"Who's who?" answered Julia, recovering herself, "I see nobody!"

"Nor I, now; but a moment since, when you were looking out, there was a man there!"

"Possibly; there are plenty about!"

"None that should bring that color to your face!"

"Have I a color? Well, for once, then, the east wind has done somebody good!"

"The east wind?" repeated her ladyship, surprised.

"Yes; try it yourself; only don't let it derange that cap, for which Leontine deserves immortality. But speaking of dress, who dines here to-day? Any one but the Count?"

"Only Beatrice and George Conyers. Your father would ask him."

"Indeed!" and the glow came back on Julia's face, as she bent to raise her handkerchief from the floor. "He does not often come, now!"

"Why should he? There is no inducement to him, and no attraction for us poor, proud nobody!"

"That is ungenerous. Mr. Conyers may be poor, but he is a gentleman, mamma, and the son of a gentleman!"

"Yes, by Act of Parliament! and without a penny beyond his daily need. Better a butcher, baker, grocer, than such a gentleman!"

"And yet such riches, with such rank, did not satisfy you. You pined for the gentility my father's money could not give, and rejoiced when the mayoralty of York made him Sir James, and you My Lady—sinking all memory of the shop and trade for ever."

"You forget yourself strangely, Julia. *My father—your grandfather*—was a gentleman!"

"Yes, poor and proud, like Mr. Conyers; and to escape the miseries of the first state, you sacrificed the requirements of the last, and married the wealthiest [illegible] in the town. Still you were not satisfied—not happy. Life has been one long struggle for something better than you had, and so it will be to the end; strife and disappointment following each other!"

"This is strange language from you to me, Julia!"

"It is. Heaven help me, it is! But we are strange people."

"How!"

"Every way; and I would fain save myself from becoming even worse than strange. Mother!"—and following a sudden impulse, the girl turned quickly round, her eyes flashing, her cheeks brightening, and her voice softening,—"I have listened to you; now listen to me, and save me from the fate to which you are urging me. You have tried, and found the hollowness of money, rank, and pride; their utter insufficiency to give peace. Drive me not, then, to a life where I shall have naught but these, and must seek something else for happiness. I hate—I loathe this Count. Compel me not to marry him: he has nothing but a title to give me; and you, who have that, know well how worthless it is to satisfy the heart. Passionate, reckless, ill-disciplined as I am, I must love some one; and if that one is not—cannot be my husband, then—Ah! mother, mother, save me!"—and with a low, shuddering cry, Julia threw herself upon the sofa, and hid her face with her hands.

Lady Shirley, astonished, perplexed, and angry, cried,

"Save you?—save you from what? Really, Julia, you surprise and annoy me exceedingly. I thought you had been better trained than to give way to such absurd folly as this! You appeal to my experience, and talk of love, and hearts, and happiness, as children do of the moon! of the first you can know nothing; and for the last, the only way to secure it is by obedience to my wishes. Marry the man I desire; and in wearing the name, and by your fortune restoring the oldest, noblest family in Italy to its early glory, become a sharer in its grandeur. As Countess Orsini, you will have a high (if not the highest) place, both at your husband's court and your own; honor, influence, power, will wait upon your steps; from being the unknown daughter of an insignificant English knight, you will become the companion of princes; and your children, aided by your wealth and their father's name, may, in the revolutions of this changing world, take rank amongst its sovereigns!"

"And my soul?" whispered the girl, raising her head, and gazing on her mother. "My soul—what of that?"

"I do not understand you!"

"I shall have cared for, and secured, my husband's fortune, family, and estates, my children's rank; but my own soul—body, heart, happiness, being sacrificed—what of that? What shall I have done for that?"

"The same as others do; no more or less."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. What can you mean?"

"Nothing. Only as you bid me give up all on earth, I would fain—if there be such a place—make sure of heaven."

"No surer way than by obedience to your parents!"

"Yes, and therefore—"

She rose: her eyes were wild and her face cold—and she looked as she felt—like marble.

"What?"

"Have patience, mother! Therefore,"—she spoke slowly—"I—I—"

But ere the words of promise, for which Lady Shirley eagerly listened, could be uttered, the sound of carriage wheels rapidly approaching was heard; and at the same moment a servant threw open the room door, saying, "A travelling-carriage in the drive, my lady."

To resume the conversation, thus opportunely interrupted, was impossible; and with an angry exclamation, Lady Shirley left the room, and dressing her face with smiles, hurried to receive her guest, while Julia, thus left alone, sank back upon her seat, exclaiming, "Saved, saved! Oh, what a weak, poor fool I am to be so talked and wearied out of my common senses! What a precipice I have escaped! The very words which would have bound me, arrested on my lips! I, who had so sworn to myself never to yield!—whose whole heart—such a wretched, worthless thing as it is—is all given to him, for whom, vile as I am, I would die in tortures—from whom one word or smile of love, would outweigh the wide world's wealth, and glory! Oh, how I hate myself! But, saved now, is saved forever! I will run the risk of such conversations no more! Intrigue, torment, command me as she will, I will not obey this mandate of my mother's, or marry this Count. Only, for a while, I must temporise, and so gain time to see my way clear; and then—and then—"

She paused, leaving the sentence incomplete, but the silence was eloquent enough; no need of further words to make her resolution and defiance plain.

Meanwhile Miss Lyle's carriage had drawn up; the steps were let down, and a young girl, of some eighteen years, descended.

"My dear child—my dear niece—welcome, welcome!" cried Lady Shirley, advancing with extended hands, and in her warmth of greeting, almost bearing the visitor into the hall. "How well you look! How delighted I am to see you!"

"Thanks, dear aunt," answered a sweet, low voice. "You are indeed kind!"

"Nay, love, the kindness is on your part, to come to our dull house, in preference to so many more attractive invitations. But I trust you will be happy; we will do our best to make you so."

"I am sure of it, and that I shall love you all dearly. But where is my cousin?"

"Here!" And Julia glided forward, and offered her hand, and then bent towards her guest, and kissed her.

The caress was fondly returned; and then, actuated by the same impulse, the girls looked full and inquisitively upon each other.

Fair objects for scrutiny were both.

Julia Shirley, of the graceful middle height, with an exquisite contour and complexion, eyes of light blue, and clouds of soft blonde hair.

Beatrice Lyle, tall and thin, with a pure olive skin, utterly colorless, hair black as midnight, and eyes—ah! who shall describe them?—so deep, so dark, yet so brilliant and sparkling: now gleaming with joy, now melting with pity, they alone would have redeemed a face far plainer than the young girl's; and it was of them Julia thought when she whispered to herself, a pang of jealousy darting through her mind, "How beautiful!"

Beatrice heard the words, low as they were spoken, and a bright blush illumined her countenance as, overwhelmed with confusion, she turned to the speaker, saying,

"You must not spoil me, dear cousin; for I love you quite well enough to believe you!"

"Of course, why should you not!" answered the elder, sharply. "Every girl knows the beauties she possesses!"

The tone and glance which accompanied it, pained and alarmed Beatrice, and she drew back nervously, feigning to watch the servants bring in the luggage; while Lady Shirley advanced to her daughter, whispering angrily,

"Command your temper, Julia. If you are jealous, do not betray it so plainly!"

"Jealous! I jealous!—Absurd!"

"I know it. Nevertheless, you are so, and show it, too. She has no charm, except her superior temper. Keep yours, and you—"

"Spare me another lecture, mamma!—Beatrice!"—and Julia walked up and laid her hand upon her cousin's shoulder—"you must think us a strange set, receiving you in this way; but mamma and I often disagree, and, to prevent either bearing the other malice, have out our little quarrels at once, and get the matter over. We have had one now—have settled it—and the atmosphere is clear again. It is not very courteous, I'm afraid; but you will take us as you find us, and make allowances. So come, now, to your room, and leave your maid and mamma's to see after your belongings."

"Thank you! But my aunt!" replied Beatrice, hesitatingly, glancing towards her hostess, who was giving Adele, the maid, some directions.

"Oh, never mind her; you will see her again before dinner. Now, you belong to me!"

And passing up the handsome staircase, Julia led the way to the apartments prepared for her cousin.

They were admirably arranged; and Beatrice's loving and generous eyes, ever ready to seek and appreciate evidence of affection, flashed and melted into more absolute beauty as she thanked Julia over and over again for the care and thought which had been bestowed upon her.

"Oh, it was Adele's doing—not mine!" replied Miss Shirley, coldly; the jealous throb returning to her heart as she gazed upon the witchery of her cousin's glance, and, with the instinct born of love, foresaw the baneful influence it would exercise over her own hopes. "I never interfere in household arrangements; the servants choose and decorate the rooms."

Chilled and dismayed, the young guest drew back once more, and making some indistinct reply, strove to conceal her mortification by occupying herself in removing her travelling costume—an employment Julia watched eagerly, in the hope of finding the form, now shrouded with wraps, less charming than those wonderful eyes. And so, one by one, the shawls and scarfs were laid aside, and the visitor's young, angular, unfilled figure revealed. A smile of gratification dawned on the elder cousin's face, and with recovered good humor she went forward to assist at the toilet, saying—

"Let me help you, dear. Your maid will be here directly; meanwhile, let me assist.—But, ah! how thin—how very thin you are! Surely, you cannot be well! And this crape! it clings so closely, and makes you look ten times flatter and whiter than you are! Why do you wear it?"

"Why?" And now the eyes turned on the questioner with indignant surprise.—"Why?"

"Oh, yes, I know! But your father—my uncle—has been dead nearly twelve months, and surely that is long enough to make one's self a fright! I never can understand on what principle people are expected to wear what does not become them. Ah, you may stare; but I mean what I say! I would not disfigure myself for all the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, in Europe!"

"You have never been tried—you have never lost one of those dear ones!" and the speaker's voice faltered.

"No, but if I did, I should not lose my senses, too, I hope."

"May you be spared the trial!"

"Amen!" replied the other, lightly, a curl of contempt distorting her beautiful mouth. "But here comes Adele; and you will like to rest a little, I dare say; so I will bid you good-bye for the present, and return before the dressing-bell rings; but if you choose to join us earlier, you will find your way down!"

"Oh, yes! Good-bye; don't let me keep you!"

And thus, without further excuse or apology, Julia departed; and giving one more touch to her graceful curls, went out through the conservatory into the open grounds, mur-

[illegible] she looked eagerly round as if in search of some one.

"It must have been he! I could not be mistaken, even at this distance! Oh, what joy to meet him to-day again, with all my [illegible] and find that this wretched interloper will be a foil and not a rival. Poor, silly, awkward, unformed thing!—there was no cause to fear her; and it is well! I would not be her enemy; and terrible, beyond her puny thoughts to conceive, would be *her* fate, or that of any other, who came between my love and me!"

At this moment a sound of voices attracted her attention, and glancing keenly through the trees, Miss Shirley saw two figures approaching leisurely, in one of whom she recognized her mother's favored guest, Count Orsini; but ere she could obey her first impulse to flee, the Italian turned into a side path and disappeared.

"What an escape!" she said, drawing a deep breath of relief. "How I do hate that man! and the feeling, instead of lessening, increases! Even were my heart free, I could never love him; but, as it is, I hate him! His voice chills me to death; and his touch—oh, misery!"

And, with a shudder, Julia turned back to the conservatory, preferring to lose the chance of the meeting she desired, to running the risk of encountering Orsini.

Twice she saw him in the distance, accompanied by the person she had observed before, and in whom, to her infinite astonishment, she recognized his valet.

At first the circumstance attracted little attention, beyond a passing wonder as to what could induce the Count to accept his servant as his companion; but by and by, as she stood gazing idly from the flower-shaded glass, she noted that the man's usual dress was changed—that his slow, grave, quiet demeanor was altered—and that the deferential, almost servile manner he generally observed towards his master, had given place to a strange familiarity, which was not resented.

In the hands of both were papers, which were eagerly and repeatedly referred to; and when, from time to time, the wanderers came inadvertently within sight from the windows of the house, they retreated precipitately.

There was evidently some mystery going on; and Julia, excited to the highest degree, had just resolved upon shrouding herself in a cloak, and sallying forth to discover it, when, to her extreme vexation, she saw Beatrice advancing from the other end of the conservatory to join her.

To avoid being seen was impossible, and suppressing therefore the expression of annoyance which rose to her lips, Julia went forward to meet her cousin.

But her mind was still distrait, and wandering upon what she had just observed; so she readily adopted Beatrice's suggestion of walking in the grounds, and opening a side door, led the way into the shrubbery.

For some time they strolled on in the disjointed talk which persons who have little in common with each other, use, until they came to a somewhat extensive rose garden, where, lost in ecstacies, Beatrice stopped.

With almost childish delight, her glorious eyes beaming with pleasure, the girl flitted from bush to bush—admiring, praising, petting all—while Julia, tired and weary, leaned against the bole of an acacia, thinking the scorn she did not speak. At last, however, just when Miss Shirley was declaring for the twentieth time that they really must go in, two gentlemen emerged from a private covered way immediately behind them, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, caused both girls to turn suddenly round.

On the path before them stood the intruders. One an elderly, the other a young and handsome man. Both came forward instantly: the former (her uncle), to Beatrice; the other, with lifted hat and pleasant smile, to Julia, whose face lighted up into tenfold beauty as she greeted him.

"Welcome, my dear niece, welcome to my poor place!" said Sir James. "I trust you are well, and will succeed in making yourself comfortable here; although I fear you will miss many things you have been accustomed to."

"Oh, no, uncle, no—everything is charming!"

"Well, my dear, well—we shall see; but my lady says so, and she must know. A very clever woman, my lady—very clever!"

"Indeed!" replied Beatrice, half puzzled, half amused.

"Oh, yes, very! Everybody remarks it! Her talents are quite the public talk! She is a marvellous woman—a marvellous woman—is she not, Conyers?"

With an awkward start, the young man thus addressed turned to his host, who went on—"We were talking of Lady Shirley, Mr. Conyers, and I was telling this young lady—my niece—what a remarkable woman she is! A wonderful woman, I think I may say—eh?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Of course. I knew you would say so. There, my dear! you see, Mr. Conyers agrees with me! But I knew he would, for he is a very sensible man—very!"

The sensible young man, however, looked so far from flattered by the worthy knight's eulogium, that Beatrice, anxious to change the subject, lifted the bough of roses she had been admiring, and asked, "May I gather them?"

"To be sure—to be sure—as many as you please; if, indeed, you consider them deserving the honor. Pray understand that my house and grounds, with all they contain, are entirely at your disposal."

"A thousand thanks! I fear, though, you have given power to a dangerous person; for see, uncle, I begin at once to take advantage of it!" and tenderly severing the branch, she twined it carelessly in the braids of her raven hair.

The effect was charming; and Julia observing it, exclaimed, "What a lovely head-dress, Beatrice! I must have some, too!"

But ere she could pluck the snowy blossoms, [illegible] sprang forward, crying, "[illegible] Shirley! These will not do! Here is something far more appropriate!"

And breaking off a spray of delicate pink azalea, he twisted it into shape, and offered it to her.

"Thank you!" murmured Julia softly, bending her head low, in order that he might himself arrange his gift in her tresses. "Thank you!" She would have added, "I will keep them for ever;" but there was something in his manner which forbade it, and she was silent.

"Ah! now you are both in full dress, and look irresistible, my dears. Do they not, Conyers? But, for all that, I think we must put off admiring you any more until after dinner; for I have a great deal to do. Good-bye, Beatrice, and be sure you make yourself quite at home—quite!"

And taking his companion's arm, the old gentleman walked away.

"Who is Mr. Conyers—he seems a very agreeable man?" said Miss Lyle, when they had passed out of hearing.

"The son of my father's lawyer. He has been educated for the bar, and has been intimate here ever since his boyhood. Sir James consults him about everything, and treats him like a son."

"And you like a brother?"

"Well, no, not exactly; he is scarcely—"

"What?" asked Beatrice, archly—"scarcely what?"

"Oh, I don't know—nothing! Let us go in; the dressing-bell will ring directly."

"No, not yet; it is only——Hark! what is that?" interrupted Beatrice, suddenly laying her hand on her cousin's arm, as a low, wailing cry was borne towards them on the still air.

"Nothing—nothing, at least, of any consequence to us. It comes from the road. Let us go in," replied Julia, carelessly.

"Oh, no—impossible! it is the voice of some one in pain. I must seek them."

And regardless of her companion's remonstrance, Beatrice ran on through the shrubbery in the direction of the sound, until she reached a little wicket-gate opening upon the turnpike-road. Without a moment's hesitation, she unlatched this, and passed through.

She looked hurriedly up and down, but nothing save the even expanse of hard gravel met her eye.

Nothing, no one, was visible that could by any possibility have uttered the cry she had heard; and satisfied of this, she was about to return to Julia, when a deep, hissing sigh, that sounded almost at her feet, again broke the silence, and made her glance keenly round.

Doing so, she became conscious of having done what you and I, dear reader, do so often—namely, overlooking the causes of things lying immediately before us, in the vain quest of causes far, far away.

Pressed closely against the gate through which the girl had just come, was the figure of a woman, whose piteous wail it was that had brought Beatrice hither, and comprehending this at once, she bent forward, saying, "What is the matter? What makes you cry so?"

The woman started, squeezed what seemed to be a bundle of rags more closely in her arms, and began to sway backwards and forwards like one in a dream.

"What ails you?—what ails you?" asked the young lady, over and over again; and at last, unable to obtain an answer, she laid her hand upon the poor creature's shoulder, and thus rousing her from her stupor, made her look up—straight up into the kind, pitying eyes above her.

"What is the matter?" repeated Beatrice; and this time the sweet tones found their way, not only to the ear, but to the heart of the wretched outcast, and she replied,

"I am lost and miserable! My child is dead, and the other is dying!"

"Alas, that is, indeed, terrible! I can feel for you, for I am alone in the world. I know the grief you suffer, for I have suffered it too. I have watched the death-beds of those I loved as you have done."

"Yes; may be though their time was come. But my boy was young and strong. *He* might have lived."

"What do you mean? Surely he was not—"

"No, no lady; not killed—only starved!"

"Impossible!—impossible!" cried Beatrice, clasping her hands with horror. "Oh, surely, that cannot be true. Starved—starved in a Christian land, in the midst of wealth and plenty? No—no, it cannot be!"

"You are young, lady; you have not seen much of misery. Not we alone are starving, but hundreds all around us! Wherever you turn, wherever you look, some one is perishing for the want of what you and yours despise and waste."

"Do not say so—for mercy's sake do not say so!"

"I must, for it is true. I doubted it once, in younger and better days; but I *know* it now."

"Alas! alas! what a sad world this is!—suffering and sorrow everywhere! But, at least, I can alleviate your present misery. Here is money; take it, and buy food for yourself and your child. First, though, if you will, tell me how you came into this position; for, by your language, I can see that you were not born in it."

"You are right, lady, I was not. I was a gardener's daughter, and went into the lady's service as her own maid, and was very happy until—"

The woman paused. The child she held in her arms, and which Beatrice had supposed to be only a bundle of rags, moaned peevishly, and the mother hushed it again to silence, while heavy tears fell slowly down her gaunt cheeks. After a space, she continued:—"Yes, I was happy, until, like all other girls, I loved and married. From that day my sorrows began; for, though I loved my husband, and he loved me, still there was from the very first a cloud between us, and this was the secret of his occupation. He never told me—he never would tell me—how he obtained the money that was regularly placed in my hands. He only said that he served an arbitrary, although liberal master, [illegible] would instantly deprive him of his situation and all hopes of obtaining another, if he [illegible] his marriage. He, therefore, urged me, by my love for him and our children, to let him pursue his employment in peace, and keep our union a secret."

"And you did so?"

"For a time—almost three years—and then I heard rumors—things too horrible to speak of; and one day I followed him to a beautiful castle on the sea-shore."

"Ah! And what did you discover?"

"Nothing. My husband doubled upon his own path, and met me. While he was yet speaking, and I was endeavoring to appease his anger, a stern and terrible man came up; he scowled upon me, said something to my husband I did not understand, and then, with a bitter oath, bade us both begone."

"And then?"

"Then comes a blank. My husband was cruel to me; but that is all passed now. He tried to get another situation, but he could not. He applied to this gentleman—Count Orsoa, or something like that—a foreign name, I remember—and he—"

"Was the name Orsini?" asked a third voice suddenly; and, looking up, Beatrice perceived that her cousin Julia had followed, and now stood by her side.

"Was it Orsini?"

"Yes—yes, that is it—Count Orsini," said the woman eagerly. "Do you know him, miss?"

"I do; and by that knowledge can affirm that the touching story you have just invented for my cousin's benefit is all a falsehood!"

"Oh, no, lady—no! I call heaven to witness!"

"Pray don't—it would not do the slightest good, or impose upon her or me a moment longer. I know the Count; and, although a foreigner, he is, I am certain, incapable of such conduct and tyranny as you describe. Come away, Beatrice; she is a common impostor."

"One minute! She is in want," said Miss Lyle, firmly; "and whatever her faults, which as yet are not proved, I must relieve her."

"God bless you for those words!" cried the woman, clinging to the folds of the speaker's black dress. "Surely you are an angel, and have come down from heaven to save me!"

"Nay, I am but a poor girl, with even less power than most, for I am an orphan; still I would save or serve you if I could."

"For pity's sake," interrupted Julia, "don't get sentimental. If the woman's in want give her a shilling, and then come home, or we shall be too late for dinner."

"There is an hour yet; but do not let me keep you—I can find my way back alone. Good-bye."

And watching her cousin glide through the trees and disappear, Beatrice Lyle continued gravely, "You have heard what that lady says; and she knows the Count well. He is even now staying in this house."

"Here? in this house? Oh, then, I can see him—I can beg mercy, justice, for my husband; and surely—surely, he will not deny a wife's prayers."

"But consider, if, as you suppose, the employment in which your husband was engaged under Count Orsini was not altogether what it should have been, is it not better they should be separated?"

"We cannot starve. My children, *one* has died—but, if I forfeit heaven to save him, the other shall live. This one—my only one—I cannot part with him!"

"Can nothing else be done? Where is your husband?"

"Gone to York to seek work; but I know he will not get it without a character; and then—"

There was a blank in the woman's speech—a blank in her listener's heart.

At last the orphan said: "There seems no alternative, indeed. But if the Count still retains his anger against you, would not another person pleading your cause have more influence on him than yourself? Shall I speak to him? I have not even seen him yet; but if you think it would benefit you, I will not shrink."

"Oh, blessings—blessings on you! May the blessing of those who are ready to perish, be with you and about you for ever!"

"What shall I say? What shall I ask for?"

"A character;—if he would give that, all would be well."

"Then I will try to gain it. Now good-bye—I must delay no longer. Take this purse, and come to-morrow at this time, and, I trust, I may have good news; but first tell me your name—I can do nothing without that."

"Milward—Lucy Milward; my husband's name is Stephen."

"Good-bye, then, Lucy. Be here to-morrow, without fail."

"Oh, madam—madam! do not go yet! Stay one moment, that I may look at you again, so that I may never, never forget you! Let me write down your face in my heart; for, indeed, it seems like one of the angels; and when I kneel in prayer I may for ever think of you, and pray that you are as happy as you have made me this day."

Beatrice's soft eyes dimmed as she bent her head, saying, "Pray for me as often and as kindly as you can, but do not ask that I may be happy, only that I may be good."

She turned. A white rose fell from her hair to the ground; Lucy Milward caught it up, pressed it to her lips, and covered it with kisses, and when she looked up, the young lady was gone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ CONSUMPTION OF OAK.—Not more than forty oak trees can grow upon an acre of land, so as to attain their full size or to yield each two loads of timber. In order, therefore, to build such a ship as the Marlborough, the produce of seventy-six acres of oak-forest, of the growth of a hundred years, would be necessary, and to supply the demands of such a navy as England possesses at this time would absorb annually the produce of nearly 150,000 acres.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas day was favored with a clear sky, and frosty, invigorating air; and seldom has it been kept with more tokens of general happiness.

Almost as many gifts seemed to be given as usual, but they were generally of a less expensive character,—and all the better perhaps on this account.

It is a blessed faculty of our nature, that by which we are enabled to turn aside for a while from all causes of gloom and discouragement, and give the mind and heart up to the enjoyment of the good things which are still left to us. And it is the part of wisdom to yield at times to the dominion of this faculty, because it enables us afterwards to take more reliable and reasonable views of anything that may be painful or embarrassing in our circumstances, and behold them in a clearer and truer light. For, after all, it is the clouds which are transient and temporary, while the blue sky and sunshine beyond are eternal.

STEEL PLATED SHIPS.

France and England seem now bent upon running a race in the matter of steel-plated ships, of very large size. France already has La Gloire, if not more, and England, having been experimenting for some time, has decided to begin to build, with all possible despatch. An English journal says:—

> The vessel which it is intended to be constructed will be rendered as nearly as possible shot proof, and this will be accomplished by covering her above her water-line with massive steel armor plates. She will be of a size never yet witnessed in the English navy, the intention being to construct her 400 feet in length, or about double the length of many line-of-battle ships, and about two-thirds the length of the Great Eastern. She is to be furnished with engines of corresponding power, which will drive her through the water at a high rate of speed; and her armament is to consist exclusively of Armstrong guns, of the heaviest metal and longest range. She will be the most formidable vessel of war yet built for the Government.

As we suppose our Government will have to follow suit, this subject becomes a very interesting one to us. The expense of building such a steel-scaled monster of the deep, must be enormous. What with Armstrong guns, costing $10,000 apiece, and steel-plated steamships, a nation will need a long purse which means to take rank as a first-class power, and not be saying "by your leave" all the time to France and England.

It would seem, judging by what we see in the English journals, that a common wooden vessel would have no chance at all against a steel-plater—as every ball would rebound from the armed sides of the latter, and even her decks be so protected by iron bulwarks that few shot could take effect.

WELL HOUSED.—We "inland villagers" of Philadelphia seem to be tolerably well housed, as compared with our friends of the "great commercial emporium." In fact, according to the census, we have 5,000 more houses than there are in New York and Brooklyn combined, as witness the following figures:—

New-York,	54,338	dwellings.
Brooklyn,	30,523	"
Total,	84,861	
Philadelphia,	89,979	"
Excess in Philadelphia,	5,118	

STILL COMING.—Since our last issue, nearly $3,000,000 of specie has been received from England. The stock and money markets are still on the mend.

AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE.

We find in a New York contemporary a brief but pointed correspondence between Mayor Wood and Rev. Dr. Tyng. It seems that the Mayor, in inditing a Thanksgiving proclamation this year, mentioned that he saw little to be thankful for. Whereupon Dr. Tyng, whose church the Mayor has been in the habit of attending, commented in his Thanksgiving sermon rather freely upon the passage in question. The Mayor was absent on the interesting occasion, but a short time afterwards favored the preacher with the following opinion of his performance:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Dec. 3, 1860.

Reverend and Dear Sir—Believing it the province of the Church to preach Christ crucified, and Him only, and further believing that to political preaching most of the ills that at present afflict our unhappy country are directly traceable, you will excuse me for thus notifying you of my withdrawal from your pastoral ministrations at St. George's. Your references to the Mayor's Proclamation, on Thanksgiving Day, were as unchristian as they were impertinent and uncalled for. Had I been present on the occasion, I should have deemed it a duty to resent them, by leaving my pew, and taking the members of my family along with me. Hoping you will grow wise as you grow old,

I remain your obedient servant,
FERNANDO WOOD.

To REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square.

The reply, which, minister-like, is *rather* personal, was as follows:—

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY, Dec. 5.

Rev. Dr. Tyng's compliments to Mr. Fernando Wood, with his regrets that dislike of wholesome and deserved admonition should have moved him to separate from the communion of the Saints. As it is, however, the Rector of St. George's cannot refrain from reiterating on this occasion an unshaken belief in the comfortable doctrine—so often subscribed to by his friend, Mr. Wood—that

—"while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

To MR. FERNANDO WOOD,
Mayor's Office, City Hall, Park.

As a consequence of the above, the Mayor has withdrawn from St. George's (Episcopalian), and now sits beneath the droppings of a Presbyterian sanctuary, that of Dr. Spring's.

THE STEREOPTICON.—One of the richest entertainments of the day is offered by Abel and Leyland's Stereopticon. It produces in a wonderful degree the impression that you are gazing upon the real scenes and objects represented. You see the Vale of Chamouni, the Court of Lions in the Alhambra, the City of the Sea, with its palace-lined streets of gleaming water and its Bridge of Sighs, Rome, Naples, Jerusalem, the river Jordan, the Pyramids, not as in the full glare of day, but under the glamour of the moon, as if some wondrous magic had suddenly flashed before you the scenes you had often fondly dreamed of visiting. Many of the views are of the utmost interest and beauty. All who have seen the Falls of Niagara will acknowledge this representation to be excellent. The views of world-renowned statues are beautiful exceedingly—more so than can well be imagined. We advise our readers not to lose so rare a treat.

"THEY ONLY MAKE BELIEVE."—This is the name of a lively little song, "for timid young men," written and composed by William A. Todd, of this city. It is published by W. H. Coulston, 147 North Eighth street. If all the "timid young men" buy it, its sale will be satisfactory.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE LAST PARIS GOSSIP—THE EMPRESS'S TOUR—FORTUNE'S FAVORITES—DUCAL MANIACS—A WONDERFUL DIAMOND—A HARDHEARTED LANDLADY.

PARIS, Dec. 7, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The recent changes in the French Cabinet, are regarded as proving that the Emperor, in his war with the ultramontane portion of the French clergy, feels the need of a more direct and evident Parliamentary support than he could obtain while keeping the gag on the mouths of the Senate and Legislative Chamber; but they have also, in conjunction with the Empress's visit to Scotland, given rise to a host of rumors connecting the retirement of M. Fould from the Ministry with the ill-will which the ex-Minister is believed to have drawn to himself on the part of the Empress Eugenie. Thus one story represents the anger of her Majesty as having been awakened by the "Minister of State and of the Imperial Household," in his oversight of the Imperial expenses, having cut down the estimates for the new furniture of the Empress's apartments at the Tuileries from 2,000,000 of francs, to the comparatively moderate sum of 150,000 francs; the Empress resenting this reduction as an insult, and being determined to give the Emperor no peace until she had got him out of office.

A second story says that the Duke of Alba, on the recent death of the Duchess, considered that the funeral ought to be at the expense of the State, a public funeral, in fact, the deceased being the Empress's sister; that he accordingly, in the Empress's absence, sent to M. Fould, to ask whether he had any directions to give concerning the Duchess's funeral;—a pretty significant hint of his sentiments on the subject. M. Fould, not recognizing the necessity of ordering a State-funeral for the deceased lady, replied that he had no directions to give, the law specifying the cases in which State-funerals were to be given, and the regular Burial Company (a monopoly in this city) being quite up to the details of their duties in the case of all other interments. When the Empress, on her return, heard of this refusal on the part of the Minister to order a State-funeral for her sister, she went off into a terrible passion, declared that the Minister had insulted her in the person of her sister, demanded his immediate dismissal, and enforced her demand by such persistent storming and hysterics that the Emperor was at length fain to sacrifice the Minister, on condition that she went away on a tour of a few weeks, to restore quiet and allow the affair to blow over. A third story declares that the Empress, when a young girl, was told by a fortune-teller that she would rise to the very highest position in the State, would lose her sister, and would survive this sister but a very short time; the Empress—seeing that the first two predictions have been verified—naturally expecting the fulfilment of the third, and being so cast down in consequence that an entire change of scene and of associations had become absolutely necessary. There is probably not one grain of truth in all these rumors; which I only give as showing how prolific and unscrupulous are the gossip-mongers of Paris. A fourth rumor, probably much nearer the mark than either of the others, says that the Empress was really very fond of her only sister, and felt her death most severely, all the more so from her having been absent when it occurred, notwithstanding her hurried return from Algiers on receiving the unexpected announcement of her sister's danger;—that this painful impression was greatly deepened by her persisting, notwithstanding the Emperor's dissuasive entreaties, in having the coffin opened, in order that she might see the remains;—and that this sight acted so powerfully on her imagination and feelings that she fell into a state of morbid gloom and depression from which it was impossible to rouse her; the journey to Scotland being devised by the Emperor and the other members of the Imperial family as offering an entire change of scene invaluable under the circumstances. The Empress, who no doubt, is often weary of the etiquette of the splendid region of which she was not "to the manor born," is probably enjoying her trip immensely. Indeed, all accounts state that she is in better spirits than when she left Paris, and that her health is improving daily. She has Scotch blood in her veins, and is proud of it; a fact which tends, naturally enough, to enhance the good feeling which her unceremonious visit has awakened in Scotland. Despite the gloom of the season, the beauty of the region through which she has been passing could not fail to give her pleasure; while the hearty welcome she has had from the people, and the excellent arrangements that have been made for her comfort both in the railway-trains, and in the hotels in which she has stopped, have all concurred to render her journey agreeable and satisfactory.

Some north-country "Jeames" seems to have been well nigh "put beside himself" by the enthusiasm awakened in his soul by the magnificence of the grand ball given at Hamilton Palace, in honor of the Empress, by the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton; the latter, as every one knows, being a "Royal Highness," daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and cousin of the Emperor Napoleon. After describing with the minuteness of style peculiar to the clan of "Jeames," the splendors of this fine old Scotch seat, the glories of the great ball and supper-rooms, and the appearance of the Imperial guest, "Jeames" declares that her Grace, the Duchess, was remarked to look exceedingly well and happy, and besides her usual jewelry (unfortunately, "Jeames" does not tell us of what that "usual jewelry" consists,) wore a necklace of peculiar beauty, which, we are informed, was acquired at a cost of £10,000. (How "Jeames'" soul must have dilated at being brought, through the medium of his goose-quill, into rapport with an order of beings who can afford to throw away $50,000 on a necklace, *in addition* to their "usual jewelry!" Her Grace did not dance. (Poor Jeames—*what* a disappointment!) Not an insignificant item in the display, as lending to the effect, were the splendid state-liveries of his Grace's retainers, which are of a beautiful description; embroidered scarlet, inwrought conspicuously with the arms of the noble house. Their stockings cost two guineas a pair! (How his heart must have thrilled as he confided this stupendous fact to contemporaneous history!) Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves vastly. (How *could* they do otherwise?) The very atmosphere was exhilarating ("Scotch mists," we may suppose, being kept out of doors), and suggestive of "poetry and romance." No wonder, then, that "Jeames" felt himself inspired by the occasion!

The Empress has been visiting not only the historic sites and noted views of Scotland, but also the seats of the Duke of Athol, the Marquis of Breadalbane, and others of the highest of the Scotch nobility, receiving a splendid and cordial welcome at each.—Through the general decay of Spain, and the levelling of old "landmarks" in France, nothing like the British aristocracy exists in either of these countries. The largest fortune derived from landed property in France, for instance, is but £8,000 a-year; whereas hundreds of country squires in the Three Kingdoms, possess a rent-roll of double that amount; and as to the fortunes of the great landholders in the British peerage, several of them really do not know, with any exactness, the amount of their annual income, thanks to the falling in of batches of leases, reversions of portions of estates temporarily alienated, and other fluctuations frequently occurring in properties of such immense extent. The Duke of Sutherland has exactly £365,000 per annum; i. e., $5,000 clear income for every day in the year. The Duke of Devonshire's fortune is not much less. Lord Ward, just raised to the Earldom of Dudley and Ward, that became extinct when his father—a collateral—inherited the estates and the secondary title, has about £250,000 a-year. His beautiful estate of Himley, fine enough for the most ambitious, is doomed to destruction since the discovery of the valuable coal and iron underlying its entire extent, which will probably increase its value many hundred fold, raising the wealth of its owner to that extent. In view of the destruction of this beautiful estate—for many generations the favorite residence of his ancestors—the Earl purchased, a few years since, the magnificent estate of Witly Park, in Worcestershire, for which, one of the finest in England, he paid down, in hard cash, in a single payment, the pretty little sum of one million sterling.—Witley is kept up in superb style, and is the habitual residence of this wealthy nobleman; while Himley, which is to be left untouched during the life of old Lady Ward, his mother, is also kept up as carefully as ever. As to the Marquis of Westminster, the richest peer in the realm, his fortune is estimated at about £300,000 per annum. He was nearly as rich as Sutherland, when, about four years ago, property in Westminster, of immense value, fell in to him, bringing up his possessions to the enormous amount just mentioned. Other property, equally valuable, will fall to this vast estate, in the course of another few years.

But the possessors of these splendid properties are often as much hampered for ready money as their less brilliant-seeming neighbors. The Sutherlands, for instance, whose magnificent house in London, and castles in various parts of the kingdom, are kept up in a style that almost throws the royal residences into the shade, are so hampered for money that a week rarely passes without an execution being put into some of their dwellings by tradespeople whose patience has been worn out by long delays in the payment of their bills! And this while their daily life is that of princes, and the Duchess, whose mania is lace, contrives to spend $15,000 a year, regularly, on that item alone; and has a suite of rooms at Stafford House, fitted up with shelves from floor to ceiling, appropriated solely to the housing of these beloved tissues.

The passion of the still beautiful Duchess of Sutherland for lace, reminds me of a similar passion on the part of the Duke of Brunswick, whose beautiful house in this city has just been appropriated for a new boulevard, the municipality paying him but a fraction of the sum he has laid out upon it. The Duke's ruling passion is for diamonds, of which he possesses twelve hundred, whose total value is estimated at 15,300,000f. A printer named Weissner was employed by the Duke to print a catalogue of these diamonds, drawn up by the princely owner, and giving the weight, description and history of each stone. The Duke refused to pay the printer's bill, which he considered too high; the printer went to law to obtain payment; and thus the public was made acquainted with the nature and proportions of the Duke's hobby. In the course of the trial, which resulted in the Duke's being sentenced to pay very nearly the amount demanded by the printer, it was incidentally mentioned that his Highness is negotiating for the purchase of two celebrated diamonds, for one of which he has offered 1,100,000f, and for the other 3,000,000f.! The jewellers of London, by the way, have just been thrown into a violent state of excitement by the arrival in that metropolis of a diamond from Ava, unique in its kind. This wonderful stone, which, in water, weight and brilliance, is like any other first-class diamond, possesses the quality of emitting, when slightly warmed, a peculiar and most agreeable fragrance.

But to return from this digression. The Duke of Devonshire is still more closely "tied up" than the Duke of Sutherland, and finds it impossible to afford himself a residence of more than two months each year at Chatsworth, the finest country seat in England, where the head-gardener, now Sir Joseph Paxton, put up the famous conservatories which suggested to him the idea of the Crystal Palace, and thus brought him renown, knighthood and fortune.

Those of the great landholders, however, who have managed to keep their affairs more compactly in hand, lead an existence, as far as outward matters are concerned, which kings might fairly envy. For they have fully as much of the splendor and comfort, the means of travel, of hospitality, in short, of doing and seeing, and enjoying, as can be enjoyed by mortal creatures, even on thrones; and are free of the burdens, responsibilities, absorptions, and dangers which often render royalty, in our day, little more than a splendid torment.

If France no longer possesses any great hereditary fortunes, the feverish desire for wealth is more general through the community than it ever was before, and instances are constantly occurring which show how great is the greed and how unscrupulous the pursuit of money, on the part of those who see within their reach any possibility of adding to their incomes. QUANTUM.

CONGRESSIONAL COMPROMISE COMMITTEES.—The *Senate's* Committee have agreed to report that they cannot agree. The Missouri Compromise line was voted down, and all other propositions, by one side or the other, or members belonging to both sides.

The House Select Committee, on the 28th, considered the proposition of Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, being an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting Congress from passing any law interfering with slavery in the States where it exists. This was agreed to by nearly a unanimous vote—the several dissentients considering that the Constitution already gives that security.

The Missouri Compromise proposition was lost by a vote of twelve against fifteen, all the Republicans and Mr. Davis, of Maryland, voting in the negative.

A CANADIAN VIEW.—The Toronto Globe, in the course of an article upon secession, has this paragraph:

"If America has got any great man, now is the time to appear. The curtain is up; the orchestra is grinding through the last stave of the overture already thrice played; the 'house' is full from pit to topmost gallery; all is expectation—nothing is wanting save the chief actor, the 'star,' the hero of the piece. If he comes not soon, there will be a 'row.' The benches will be torn up, the big drum will be burst, the gilded chandeliers and winged cupids will be smashed to atoms."

ABOUT three hundred of the leading members of the Peoples' Party of Philadelphia, sat down to a public dinner on the 29th. John Hickman, M. C., was the principal speaker from abroad. The tone of the speeches generally was against any concession or compromise, and avowing a determination to test the strength of the government.

CAPT. INGRAHAM, of South Carolina, in command of the sloop-of-war Richmond, of the Mediterranean squadron, has asked and obtained leave to return home.

RALPH FARNHAM, the last survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, died on the 26th, in Acton, Me., at the age of 104 years.

FORT MOULTRIE ABANDONED.

GUNS SPIKED AND GUN CARRIAGES BURNED—THE GARRISON IN FORT SUMTER—FORT MOULTRIE AND CASTLE PINCKNEY TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY SOUTH CAROLINA—THE PALMETTO FLAG RUN UP, &c.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 27.—A special despatch from Charleston, dated this morning, to the American office, states that the Government troops have abandoned Fort Moultrie, having first spiked the guns, and retreated to Fort Sumter, commanding the harbor.

A subsequent despatch says:—Fort Moultrie was last night evacuated by Major Anderson, who first spiked the guns. Only four soldiers were left in charge.

The troops were all conveyed to Fort Sumter. This movement has created intense excitement, and the Convention is now in secret session.

The gun carriages, it is said, were burned. It is certain that the guns were spiked, and it is reported that a train has been laid to blow up the fort. The latter is, however, doubted. The excitement and indignation of the populace are increasing.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 27.—Major Anderson states that he evacuated Fort Moultrie in order to allay the discussion about that post, and at the same time to strengthen his own position.

MAJOR ANDERSON "TAKING THE RESPONSIBILITY."—CHARLESTON, Dec. 27.—Evening.—I have just had an interview with Captain Foster, now in command at Fort Moultrie, and he says that Major Anderson has acted on his own responsibility. Fort Moultrie has not been set on fire, and is still held by Capt. Foster, who is in command of a few regulars.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 27.—Evening.—The Governor has been tendered, to-day, troops from Georgia, Alabama, and different portions of South Carolina, and many companies may be here to-morrow.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 28.—The Palmetto flag was raised early yesterday afternoon over the Custom-House, Post Office, and at Castle Pinckney. A large military force went over last night, and peaceably occupied Fort Moultrie.

Peaceable Occupation of Fort Moultrie—No Collision—The Excitement Subsiding.

Charleston, Dec. 28.—Capt. Humphreys, U. S. Army, still holds possession of the Arsenal.

Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie are occupied by the State troops, under instructions from the Governor of the State, to hold peaceable possession of these forts, and for the purpose of protecting the Government property.

Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie were held by about twelve men, who peaceably surrendered.

There was no collision and none was anticipated when the troops left the city to garrison these forts.

The excitement is subsiding.

The Effect of the News in Washington.

Washington, Dec. 28.—The intelligence of the capture of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney was received by the Administration, and is the subject of a Cabinet meeting. The South Carolina Commissioners are in conference with the members of the Cabinet. They declare that unless the troops are withdrawn this shall be their last interview, and they will immediately return to South Carolina, and prepare for the worst.

The above statement was obtained from a source believed to be reliable, but there is no means of verifying its absolute credibility.

The Cabinet continued in session for nearly six hours, and it is certain that it adjourned until to-morrow, without coming to a conclusion on the affairs of South Carolina, which were before them.

The act of Major Anderson is generally commended, for, among other reasons, that while Fort Moultrie was comparatively weak and might provoke the assault of a mob, the impregnable defence of Fort Sumter placed it beyond such a contingency, as it could be reduced only by a regular and protracted siege, thus avoiding an immediate collision.

Another statement, which seems to be truthful, is that the South Carolina Commissioners, in view of the alleged stipulation on the part of the President that the garrisons in Charleston harbor should not be augmented, nor the military status of the posts changed, requested the President to inform them whether Major Anderson's movement was in consequence of any order issued by him or from the War Department?

The President responded negatively, and added that Major Anderson had acted on his own responsibility.

The Commissioners then requested the President to remand Major Anderson to Fort Moultrie; but on this point there was no conclusion when the Cabinet adjourned.

It is stated that when the news of Major Anderson's action was received, the President and Secretary of War strongly condemned it, while Gen. Scott as strongly defended it. In the latter's opinion, Major Anderson had done exactly right, and could not have acted otherwise, sworn as he was to protect the lives of the officers and men under his command, and under strict orders to defend his position. The principle of self-preservation required the occupation of Fort Sumter, which entirely commanded Fort Moultrie.

Doubts are expressed as to whether the President will reprimand and recall Major Anderson, or not.

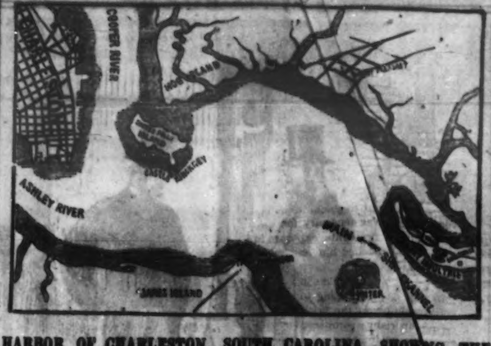
☞ IS HYDROGEN A METAL?—Though hydrogen is the very lightest gas known, and though, when uncombined, it has never been condensed to either the liquid or the solid state, some of its properties have led to the conjecture that it is probably a metal. In combination with nitrogen, as ammonia, it forms an amalgam with mercury, as is the case with most of the metals. Some recent experiments of Herr Magnus, of Berlin, strengthen the opinion that hydrogen is a metal.

☞ It is not permitted by law for a parent to bury an unbaptized child in England with religious ceremonies.

☞ Three things can never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two lovers after one maiden.

☞ Every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the antechamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

☞ The late Duke of Norfolk had in his service at Fornham a female who was a Methodist. One of the superior servants complained to the duke that this woman was too religious, and that she lost too much time in going to chapel. The Duke asked where she went to, and was answered to Bury. "What! a woman walk four miles to a place of worship? It is too far, and I shall desire that in future the boy may drive her every Sunday in the gig."



HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE FORTS, CITY, &c.

The above engraving, a rather rougher one in its execution than we could have wished, but still sufficiently plain to be understood, will enable our readers to understand the positions of the forts in Charleston Harbor. They are three in number—Castle Pinckney, Fort Sumter, and Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island. The Charleston Mercury thus described the forts, before the recent movements of Major Anderson:—

FORT MOULTRIE

Is an enclosed water battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of about 300 feet, and a depth of about 240 feet. It is built with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defence, either from the attack of a storming party or by regular approaches.

The outer and inner walls are of brick, capped with stone, and filled in with earth, making a solid wall fifteen or sixteen feet in thickness. The work now in progress, consists in cleaning the sand from the walls; ditching it around, and erecting a glacis; closing up the postern gates in the east and west walls, and, instead, cutting sally-ports, which lead into strong outworks on the south-east and south-west angles, in which twelve-pounder howitzer guns will be placed, enabling the garrison to sweep the ditch on three sides with grape and canister. The north-west angle of the fort has also been strengthened by a bastionette, to sustain the weight of a heavy gun which will command the main street of the island. The main entrance has also been better secured, and a trap-door, two feet square, cut in the door for ingress and egress. At this time the height of the wall, from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet, is twenty feet. The ditch is from twelve to fifteen feet wide at the base, and fifteen feet deep. The nature of the soil would not seem to admit of this depth being increased, quicksand having been reached in many places.

The work on the south side is nearly finished. The counterscarp is substantially built of plank, and spread with turf. The glacis is also finished. It is composed of sand, and covered with layers of loam and turf, all of which is kept firmly in place by the addition of sections of plank nailed to uprights sunk in the sand, and crossing each other at right angles—making squares of about ten feet each. The purpose of the glacis, which is an inclined plane, is to expose an attacking party to the fire of the guns—which are so placed as to sweep it from the crest of the counterscarp to the edge of the beach. On the north side, all the wooden gun-cases have been placed close together on the ramparts, apparently for the purpose of securing it against an escalade, but possibly as a screen for a battery of heavy guns. A good many men are engaged in clearing the ramparts of turf and earth, for the purpose of putting down a very ugly-looking arrangement, which consists of strips of plank four inches wide, one inch and a half thick, and six or eight feet long, sharpened at the point, and nailed down, so as to project about three feet horizontally from the top of the walls.

A noticeable fact in the bastionettes, to which we have before alluded, is the way in which one of them has been built. [illegible] completed is formed of solid masonry. In constructing the other, however, a frame work of plank has been substituted. Against the inside of this wooden outwork loose bricks have been placed. Both bastionettes are armed with a small carronade and a howitzer pointed laterally so as to command the whole intervening moat by a cross-fire.

FORT SUMTER,

A work of solid masonry, octagonal in form, pierced on the north, east and west sides with a double row of port holes for the heaviest guns, and on the south or land side, in addition to openings for guns, loop-holed for musketry, stands in the middle of the harbor on the edge of the ship channel, and is said to be bomb-proof. It is at present without any regular garrison. There is a large force of workmen—some one hundred and fifty in all—busily employed in mounting the guns and otherwise putting this great strategic point in order. The armament of Fort Sumter consists of 140 guns, many of them being the formidable ten-inch "Columbiads," which throw either shot or shell, and which have a fearful range. Only a few of these are yet in position, and the work of mounting pieces of this calibre in the casemates is necessarily a slow one. There is also a large amount of artillery stores, consisting of about 40,000 pounds of powder, and a proportionate quantity of shot and shell. The workmen engaged here sleep in the fort every night, owing to the want of any regular communication with the city. The wharf or landing is on the south side, and is of course exposed to a cross-fire from all the openings on that side.

CASTLE PINCKNEY

Is located on the southern extremity of a narrow slip of marsh land, which extends in a northerly direction to Hog Island Channel. To the harbor side the so-called castle presents a circular front. It has never been considered of much consequence as a fortress, although its proximity to the city would give it importance, if properly armed and garrisoned. From hasty observation, we find that there are about fifteen guns mounted on the parapet; the majority of them are eighteen and twenty-four pounders. Some "Columbiads" are, however, within the walls. There are also supplies of powder, shot, and shell. At present there is no garrison at the post; the only residents are one or two watchmen, who have charge of the harbor light. Some thirty or forty day-laborers are employed repairing the cisterns and putting the place generally in order.

Fort Moultrie is about 3½ miles from the city of Charleston. It is, however, within easy cannon range of Mount Pleasant, and might be attacked from the village of Moultrieville.

LATEST FACTS AND RUMORS.

SECRETARY OF WAR RESIGNED—ANDERSON TO HOLD FORT SUMTER—CANNON SHIPPED SOUTH FROM PITTSBURG—U. S. REVENUE CUTTER CAPTURED BY A CHARLESTON MOB, AND SLAVER CAPTAIN RELEASED.

After a long discussion in the Cabinet upon ordering Major Anderson back to Fort Moultrie, as the South Carolina Commissioners demanded, a majority of the Cabinet decided against it—the President remaining neutral. War Secretary Floyd thereupon resigned. Secretary Thompson, of Interior, would also have resigned, except for the investigations pending in the Department of Interior.

Another report says that the question in Cabinet was, shall the troops be withdrawn from Fort Sumter.

There seems to be reasons for the belief that Lieut.-General Scott, several days since, submitted to the President a plan, in writing, for the blockade of Charleston, reinforcing strongly all the Southern garrisons, and suggesting other military preparations. This, however, was not, it is said, received with favor.

The President accepted Mr. Floyd's resignation the same day it was tendered.

Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, has inquired of Gen. Scott, if he thought the exigency was such as to require Maryland to be put in a condition of defence, and Scott replied he saw no necessity for Maryland putting herself in such condition.

The Secretary of the Navy has received despatches from Charleston that the U. S. revenue cutter at that port has been taken possession of by the mob—the U. S. flag hauled down, and the Palmetto run up—and that the captain of the cutter had connived at this, and was now commanding it for South Carolina. The captain brought her up to the city and resigned his position as an officer of the U. S. The vessel was without a captain, and the inferior officers, not knowing what course to pursue, allowed her to become an easy prey to the mob who poured upon her decks.

Also, that the captain of the slaver *Bonita*, recently captured with several hundred Africans on board, and which was taken into Charleston, was brought before the ex-United States Judge on a writ of habeas corpus, who decided that he had no jurisdiction in the case, it being under the laws of a foreign Government, and remanding him to the custody of the officers of the Navy, who have hitherto had him in charge. While they were conveying him through the streets, a mob attacked them and released their prisoner, and it was with difficulty that they escaped with their lives.

A bill will be immediately introduced into the House of Representatives, declaring Charleston no longer a port of entry; if passed, it will become the duty of the President to enforce the law by a strict blockade.

Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution in the House Committee, declaring it to be expedient that all of New Mexico be admitted as soon as may be as a State, on an equal footing with the original States, and that the Committee cause to be prepared an enabling bill for that purpose. Agreed to. Yeas 12, nays 10—one-third of the Committee being absent or not voting. The only two Southern members voting aye, were Mr. Preston, of Kentucky, and Mr. Davis, of Maryland. New Mexico comprises all the territory of the Union south of the line of the Missouri Compromise. The Southern members are not satisfied, because they look to further acquisitions of territory from Mexico, &c.

The New York Bank of Commerce telegraphed last night to the Secretary of the Treasury, that they would take the balance of the five million of Treasury Notes at twelve per centum. A meeting of the Cabinet followed, and the proposition was agreed to.

The large guns at Pittsburg have been shipped South—the people not interfering. They go on the "Silver Wave" and "Marengo."

A rumor of a projected attack on the St. Louis Arsenal, to carry off the stores to Kansas, is in the St. Louis Democrat.

PREPARING FOR SERVICE.—The New York Post of Saturday says: "Before this we venture to say every Governor in the Northern States has taken such steps as became him to put himself in readiness to vindicate the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of this Republic, should that duty in the course of God's Providence be devolved upon them."

From Massachusetts we learn that seven thousand troops can be put in marching order on twenty-four hours' notice, and one hundred and forty-five thousand men are enrolled in the militia of the State. Of this number twenty thousand could be easily mustered. The financial resources of Massachusetts were never in better condition.

Adjutant General Abbott, of New Hampshire, arrived at Boston on Saturday, from Washington, and left immediately for Concord, with the intention of recommending to Gov. Goodwin that the State be immediately put upon a war footing.

The Republican paper at Harrisburg calls upon Gov. Curtin, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to appropriate a million of dollars to arming the State.

The Dominican Republic, it is said, has been sold to Spain. The bargain was made in the month of March, but it was kept secret for three months, to smooth matters with the people, and also to see whether the people of the United States would object to this violation of the Monroe doctrine.

☞ You need not talk much to get a reputation for sense. One good remark is better than twenty dull or common ones.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MORE SPECIE—PEACE WITH CHINA.

The Canada brings $[illegible].

The Earl of Aberdeen is dead.

It is again reported that the passport system between England and France is to be abolished.

Intelligence received at the Foreign Office, through St. Petersburg, dated November 8th, states that a peace was concluded with China on the 26th of October, and that the ratifications of it were exchanged on the 5th of November. The French and English forces had evacuated Pekin, and the Emperor was expected to return to the capital immediately. The allied army commenced their advance on the same day that Pekin was taken. The summer palace of the Emperor was taken, and completely sacked, affording an immense amount of spoils. The chief share of the plunder appears to have fallen to the French.

A quantity of the treasure taken is to be divided between the French and English. Some privates are said to have sold their share for thirty thousand francs. The entire British share, including both treasure and private property, is estimated at about ninety thousand dollars.

The Tartar army is still in the field, though the Emperor has fled.

ITALY.—An attempt had been made to assassinate Colonel Dunn, of the Sicilian army, which gave rise to a rumor of Garibaldi's assassination.

The Pontificial troops are about to march against the town of Pontecorvo, to overthrow the "Provisional Government" established there.

The bombardment of Gaeta had recommenced.

FRANCE.—The bullion in the Bank of France had decreased 1,600,000 francs during the month.

The Empress of France had arrived home.

The Times's correspondent at Paris gives a circumstantial account of the Cabinet Council at which the Emperor Napoleon propounded his reforms. It is given as absolutely true; true or false, it is amusing and characteristic. The Emperor's Ministers, with one exception, Count Walewski, knew nothing of the decree till the day before it was publicly announced. On that day Louis Napoleon told his Ministers, in Council assembled, that he was convinced no Governments were safe which did not make timely popular concessions. He expressed himself weary of a long continuance of sham debates; pointed out that, under former Governments, able men of different parties were always found in the Chambers, whereas his Corps Legislatif was a "*Chambre Jubinal.*" In this last phrase the Emperor was grateful enough to make a proverb and by-word of a deputy, M. Jubinal, who has especially distinguished himself by unquestioning and officious obsequiousness to the Imperial power. The Emperor's indignation is perfectly justifiable, though not altogether becoming in him. The French have always Jubinals in plenty among them, but Louis Napoleon has Jubinalized the nation. He has made himself the head and heart of France, and it ill becomes him to scoff at the dead-level of base uninquiring obedience which he has done his best to secure. The declarations of the Emperor took his council quite by surprise. M. de Morny alone seems to have had the courage to speak, and he spoke in terms of expostulation, begging the Emperor not to go too far. This not producing any effect, he seems to have tried to show the Emperor where he might get to if he did go too far. He asked him what he would do if the Chamber negatived his policy. The Emperor evidently knows how to answer a question which is meant for a poser—an art far simpler and easier than many imagine; he replied that he would immediately dissolve and appeal to the country. The nothing-daunted de Morny had a severer test ready. "What will you do, sir," said he, "if the next Chamber also disapproves your Majesty's policy?" The Emperor was equally well prepared with his answer. "In that case," said he, "I should yield, and adopt the policy recommended by the representatives of the country." After this we may readily understand that the Ministers took their orders passively, and gradually disciplined themselves for their changed circumstances. It is said the arrangement as to wine duties under the treaty is likely to be altered, the alcohol test not being satisfactory.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, since our last report, Senator Nicholson, of Tenn., spoke in opposition to the views of his colleague, Senator Johnson.

The bill for the admission of Kansas was postponed until Monday.

In the House, the Speaker laid the following communication before the House:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.

Sir—We avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity, since the official communication of the intelligence, of making known to your honorable body that the people of South Carolina, in their sovereign capacity, have resumed the powers heretofore delegated by them to the Federal Government of the United States, and have thereby dissolved our connection with the House of Representatives.

In taking leave of those with whom we have been associated in a common agency, we, as well as the people of our Commonwealth, desire to do so with a feeling of mutual regard and respect for the rights of each other—cherishing the hope that in our future relations we may better enjoy that peace and harmony so essential to the peace and happiness of an enlightened people.

(Signed,)
John McQueen,
M. L. Bonham,
W. W. Boyce,
J. D. Ashmore.

To the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The communication was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

As the above is not in the form of a resignation, the Speaker directed that the names of the South Carolina members be retained on the roll of the House, thus not recognizing the conduct of their State as severing their connection with the House, as they themselves maintain.

The Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of the Interior, stating that on Saturday last he was informed, by the voluntary confession of an officer of the Department, that State bonds held in trust by the United States for the benefit of the Indians, amounting to $870,000, have been abstracted from his custody, and converted to private uses. The Secretary says the enormity of the fraud demands a full investigation by Congress, in order to vindicate his own honor and to expose the guilty and derelict. He therefore appeals to the House for the appointment of a Committee, with full power to send for persons and papers, and asks an investigation, with a view that full justice may be done in the premises.

Mr. Sherman said the Secretary of the Treasury also desired an investigation for the vindication of his character, and introduced a resolution which Mr. Morris (Ill.) accepted for his own, directing the appointment of a Select Committee of five to inquire into and report the facts in relation to the said fraud, and that the Committee have full power to send for persons and papers.

SECESSION ITEMS.

The South Carolina Commissioners, Messrs. Orr, Barnwell, and Adams, reached Washington on the 26th, and took private lodgings. [illegible] made the President an informal visit for the purpose of paying their respects, and in the course of the conversation [illegible] was distinctly indicated that they would [illegible] a demand, in the name of South Carolina, [illegible] the unconditional and instant surrender [illegible] the forts in Charleston harbor; an [illegible] other matters [illegible] concerning all [illegible] General Government [illegible] the State and the [illegible] treaty, [illegible] be left for future [illegible].

WASHINGTON, Dec. [illegible]—President Buchanan has just declined to receive Messrs. Barnwell, Orr, and Adams, as Commissioners from South Carolina, but [illegible] receive them as citizens of the [illegible] or as individuals. In no way [illegible] he recognize any foreign embassy [illegible] from one of the American States.

The Commissioners are deliberating [illegible] they will communicate with the President as persons merely, and will probably [illegible]. An attempt is now making to get the President to reconsider his purpose.

The Alabama State Convention is said to be in favor of secession by a large majority.

The South Carolina Convention has passed an ordinance in secret session, which presents points which may lead to a conflict with the Federal Government. It undertakes to collect duties on imports, and to place the proceeds in the treasury of South Carolina. The property of the United States is also seized by virtue of the same ordinance until the time of "settlement."

The New York papers state that 15,000 muskets were recently brought down from the U. S. Arsenal at Watervliet, opposite Troy, 5,000 shipped to Charleston, the same number to Savannah, and the same number to Mobile.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Herald says that when the 100 guns in honor of the secession of South Carolina were fired in that town, "in less than twenty minutes after the firing commenced, every vessel in port, we believe, except one, ran up the *stars and stripes!*"

THIRTY-TWO GUNS.—Yesterday, after the secession party had fired their guns in honor of the Southern States, the conservative, or Union-loving portion, got a cannon and fired thirty-two guns in honor of the remaining States; they dropped one gun, because of the secession of South Carolina.—*Norfolk (Va.) Day Book.*

THE U. S. FLAG AT TEXAS.—We learn from the oldest sea captain in this city, that last Sunday there was not a single vessel in this port that bore the U. S. flag at its mast head, as has always been the custom.—*Galveston (Texas) News.*

NEGRO SECESSIONISTS.—We learn from the Southerner, a paper published at Bolivar, Tennessee, that the negroes of A. S. Coleman, Esq., of that place, created quite a sensation in that town, a few days ago, by appearing on the streets with blue cockades upon their hats. It learns from Mr. Coleman that they requested the privilege of wearing them, as they said, to show their contempt for the Abolitionists, and their love for their native South.

The South Carolina Convention, in secret session, has adopted an ordinance authorizing the Governor to receive foreign ministers and consuls, and to appoint similar agents to conduct negotiations and make treaties with foreign powers, and also all other officers whose appointment otherwise has not been provided for by law.

FLORIDA.—Advices from Jacksonville, Fa., under date of the 24th, state that, from the appearance of the recent election, four-fifths of the Convention will go for immediate secession.

CONVENTION OF MECHANICS AT LOUISVILLE.—A NATIONAL WORKINGMEN'S CONVENTION PROPOSED.—Louisville, Dec. 28.—A large Convention of Mechanics and Workingmen met here last night, and passed strong resolutions favoring a call for a National Workingmen's Convention, and discountenancing the language and conduct of ultra-politicians both North and South.

HONOR TO MAJOR ANDERSON.—Wilmington, Del., Dec. 28.—The citizens of Wilmington are firing a salute of twenty-one guns, in honor of Major Anderson, and the soldiers under him.

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM GEN. WOOL.—The Troy Arena publishes a letter from Gen. Wool, stating that the Watervliet Arsenal is exclusively under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of War, and that on the 9th of the present month, ten thousand muskets were sold, by the order of Secretary Floyd, to S. B. Lamar, of Savannah, Georgia, and were shipped from the Arsenal on the 14th inst. The price was two dollars and a half for each musket.

The gun carriages at the Arsenal, designed for the Pittsburg guns, have not yet been removed.

A rumor prevails that the Minute Men, of Norfolk, Va., intend to seize the U. S. war-steamer Brooklyn.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 29.—The President read a communication from A. F. Colcock, Collector of the Port of Charleston, informing the Convention that all the officers of the Customs had entered the service of the State. He also states that he had commenced receiving duties and transacting other business. It was moved by Mr. Dunkin that he be authorized to receive duties in the bills of the State Bank, as specie was at four per cent. premium. The Convention then went into secret session, and it is understood that the military bill is under consideration.

PRINCE ALBERT has awarded to the University of Cambridge, of which he is chancellor, an annual gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry. He has selected for this year the subject of "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington." The exercises are to be sent in before the last day of next March, and are not to exceed two hundred lines in length.

☞ A NEW KIND OF BRONZE.—Workers in metal are finding good uses for a new kind of bronze, made by melting together ten parts of aluminum with ninety of copper. It is tenacious as steel, and well adapted for the bearings of machinery. A polisher, who used it for bearings in his lathe, which made two thousand revolutions a minute, found it last six times longer than bearings made of other kinds of metal.

☞ A cute fellow was once asked what inference he could draw from the text of Job—"And the asses snuffed up the east wind."

"Well," he replied, "the only inference that I can draw is this, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

☞ A man was indicted out West lately, for felony. His innocence was proven, but notwithstanding this, the jury found him guilty. The judge was shocked, and arose and said:

"Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was clearly proven."

"Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime now charged against him, but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

MAJOR GENERAL QUITMAN.

The Harpers have just published two volumes [illegible] John A. Quitman, [illegible]

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AS A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE.

In 18— Captain Quitman became a candidate to represent the city of Natchez and county of Adams in the Legislature, his principal competitor being Col. Adam L. Bingaman, a native of the county, and a man of talent, fortune, commanding family influence, and great personal popularity. It was necessary to canvass with energy against so formidable an opponent, and our young lawyer entered with spirit into the contest. He traversed every section of the county, and just before the election attended a large gathering at Herring's store, the extreme precinct, near the Franklin County line. He went in his usual neat dress, but soon threw off his coat, and astonished the crowd by his feats in wrestling, leaping, and boxing. A foot-race was got up, a sweepstakes for six, a hundred and fifty yards, and he beat the fleetest. The heavy weights from Haggatt's cotton-gin were on the ground, and he lifted more, at arm's length, than the strongest man present. His strength of arm was remarkable. By this time a fat ox—the prize of the day—was driven up, the target fixed at sixty yards, and the shooting commenced. There were several expert riflemen on the ground, among them was the noted John Hawkins, the crack shot of the whole country around. No one would shoot against him and "Brown Bess" (as he called his favorite rifle) without the odds. To the astonishment of the crowd, Quitman refused the odds and took an even chance. The contest was left to them. Hawkins's pride was aroused, and he shot more deliberately than usual. Three times they tried their skill, and three times the veteran was beaten. He seemed thunder-struck and grief-smitten, angry, and chuckled. At length, however, admiration at what he considered something almost supernatural got the better of him, and he stepped up to Quitman, and, taking off his hat, said, "Sir, you have done what no other man has been able to do. The beef is yours, and John Hawkins is yours, too." Quitman took his hand, praised his shooting, caressed Brown Bess, presented him the beef, and proposed a general treat. The crowd pitched in with three cheers for Quitman, and from that moment the contest was decided. He was chosen by a large majority. He ran altogether independent of politics, and upon his personal popularity, as he always preferred to do. He never was a partisan; he despised the arts of the politicians, and had no taste for the intrigues and machinery of party.

In Mexico Gen. Quitman achieved a reputation that became national; the following incidents will, therefore, be read with interest as they are illustrative of his character as a soldier:

INCIDENTS OF THE THREE DAYS.

In the desperate conflicts on the causeway, and at the Belen, on the suburbs of the city of Mexico, Quitman had incurred all the hazard of his storming parties. Every member of his staff was wounded. Lieut. Wilcox, one of his most efficient aids, says:

"The General was greatly exposed. Our brave fellows were falling fast when he directed me to order up the storming party. I found Capt. Casey severely wounded. He referred me to Lieut. Gantt. As I approached to give the order, he was shot dead. I then gave it to Lieut. Steele. Rejoining the General, I found that General Shields, Adjutant-General Page, and Lieut. Tower, had all been wounded."

INTREPIDITY OF GENERAL SMITH.

"After taking the Garita," says Lieut. Beauregard, "and while waiting for the approach of night to enable us to construct our batteries, screening ourselves as best we could from the heavy fire of the citadel, Gen. Persifer F. Smith performed one of the most daring acts ever witnessed. Between the battery at this point and the aqueduct, there was an opening of some twelve feet for the passage of vehicles between the city and Chapultepec. This was completely swept by the guns of the citadel, which kept up an incessant discharge of grape and canister, and by the Mexican sharp-shooters from behind the arches of the aqueduct. It was a matter of life and death to cross this passage from one side of our position to the other. One of the riflemen started to cross it, and, instead of going over in a direct line and in a double quick time, he crossed in a line diagonally and leisurely. As a matter of course he was shot down. He raised himself several times on his elbow, but could not get up. General Smith ordered a party to bring him in. Several soldiers stepped forward, but recoiled from the fatal passage, through which poured a torrent of projectiles. Upon the order being repeated, they advanced a step, and stood apparently paralyzed. General Smith got up, unbuckled his sword, and, without saying a word, went to the wounded soldier and stooped to pick him up. In a moment a dozen officers and men were at his side, and wonderful to say, they all got back safely, the enemy having, fortunately, intermitted their fire. They brought in a corpse!

"[illegible] to show the chances of war, [illegible] killed five [illegible] of our [illegible] who were under the arches of the aqueduct, and had felt themselves perfectly safe."

QUITMAN IN BATTLE.

[illegible]

which gave us entrance to the city. We had one field piece there, taken from the enemy when we drove them from the gates to their citadel. In using that field piece, we were entirely without protection, and were exposed to the fires of the citadel (one of the strongest in the world), of a cross battery, and of thousands of men in position on the Paseo.

"The conduct of Major General Quitman was truly sublime. I never witnessed so much chivalrous heroism, united with so much concern for his men, and with so much cool intellectual battle wisdom. While he calmly dared everything, his mind was supreme, presiding over everything, and making provision for every emergency. At all points he was exposed, and he would suffer no man to expose himself to shield him. On one occasion, when it was necessary for him to pass along a line of desperate exposure to effect an object, I approached him and asked permission to do what he was about to do in person, to bear his message, intimating to him that my own fall would be, in the crisis of the moment, of no importance compared with his. His reply was, while he puffed away at his cigar, 'No, take care of yourself; it is necessary for me to do it.' And he did do it. At another time, about the middle of the afternoon, when our own gun was silenced (for we had run out of ammunition,) and the fire of the enemy was fast dealing death around, I asked him to let me be one of a select party to storm and take the citadel, and by one dreadful sacrifice, if needs be, put an end to this one-sided work of blood. His reply, again, was in the same spirit. 'No! I will not permit my brave men thus to be sacrificed. I must take care of them as well as conquer the foe. All I now design is to maintain, with as little loss as possible, my present position until night. When night covers us we will bring up our guns, we will have an abundance of ammunition, we will construct a battery, and before to-morrow's sun is an hour high, we will plant our country's flag on the capital of Mexico—Mexico will be ours!' All this was said in the calmest manner, whilst he quietly smoked his cigar, without the least emphasis or excitement, with no discernible manifestation of boast or vainglory, and with the enemy's balls falling as hail around us.

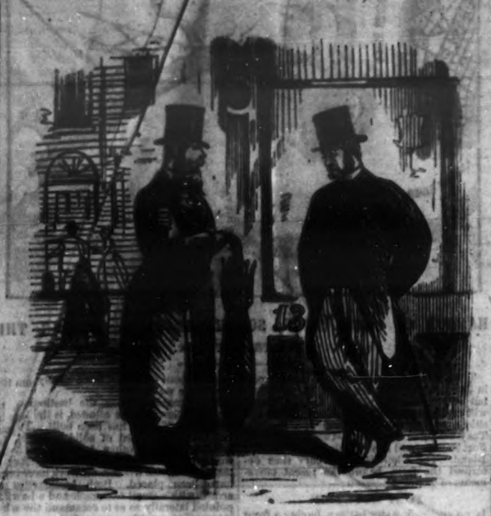
"We did maintain our position; we did construct our battery, making all right; we did bring up more captured guns, and with them an abundant supply of ammunition. And soon after the day's dawn, before the sun's rays had lighted up the scene of desolation around us, the white flag of the enemy approached—the city and citadel were surrendered, and, before the sun was an hour high, the flag of our country floated in triumph over the National Palace—the Halls of the Montezumas—whence I now write.

"The manner of General Quitman, even in the midst of the most exciting danger, is the calmest you can conceive of. His orders are as quietly communicated as if he were conversing with a friend at the dinner-table. His presence, his mild, benevolent face, his daring courage, his concern for all but himself, his mind providing for everything, inspire universal confidence, and seem to animate all who grow with the same indomitable heroic spirit of him who leads."

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S TOILET.

In no particular has the present generation become more fastidious than in what is requisite for the use of ladies in their own dressing-rooms. Essences, powders, pastes, washes for the hair, washes for the skin, recall the days of one's grandmothers, when such appurtenances were thought essential and were essential; for our great-grandmothers were not rigid in points of personal cleanliness, and it is only uncleanliness that requires scents to conceal it, and applications to repair its ravages. Our great-grandmothers wore powder and pomatum, and had their hair dressed three times a week; going to bed in the cushioned structure, after suffering torture for some hours lest they should, in the weakness of human infirmity, lean back in their chairs. Our great-grandmothers, too, had their white kid gloves sewn to the bottom of each sleeve, lest they should incur the calamity of a sun-burnt arm. Our great-grandmothers were afraid of cold water, and delicately wiped their faces with the corner of a towel no larger than a pocket-handkerchief. There were those among them who boasted that they had never washed their faces in their whole span of existence, lest it should spoil their complexions, but had only passed a cambric handkerchief over the delicate brow and cheeks, wetted with elder-flower water or rose water. I believe the nearest approach to the ablution we now diurnally practise was the bathing their lovely countenances in May-dew, esteemed the finest thing in the morning for the skin by our belles of the last century; so they turned out betimes in high-heeled shoes and negligee, trotted down the old avenues of many a patriarchal home to the meadow, and, saturating their kerchiefs in May-dew, refreshed with it the cheeks flushed over night at the quadrille or great casino, and went home contented that a conscientious duty had been performed!—*The Habits of Good Society.*

The Clearing of the Clouds.—There is nothing in what has befallen, or befalls you, my friends, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side; also, that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fullness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. Everything which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer, nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually shines, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. If your life is dark, then walk by faith, and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.



A REACTION.

Gentleman (*to great Swell*).—"Why, Sid, what the dooce makes you carry such a thing as that?"

Great Swell.—"Aw, the fact is, you know, every snob, you know, has a little umbrella now, you know; so I cawwy this to show I'm not a snob, you know."

ABOUT DOGS.

New York is the centre of the canine trade for this continent, many persons being engaged exclusively in buying and selling, and breeding and training dogs of all descriptions. The leading dog vender in this city does a very extensive business. At his store he keeps a select assortment always on hand for sale, and at his country residence he generally has seventy or eighty animals, besides, perhaps, thrice that number boarding out in the vicinity. Many of his dogs are of rare breed and beauty, and proportionally valuable. Among the rare dogs is a Siberian blood hound, Sultan, a nephew of the celebrated dog Prince, which cost $1,000, and after his exhibition in England, was sold for twice his original cost. Sultan is 14 months old, weighs 160 lbs., and girts 39 inches. Prince at the same age weighed 290 lbs., stood 36½ inches in height, and measured from nose to tail 7 feet 9 inches. There are not a dozen of this breed of dogs owned in this city, and none of them are valued at less than $1,000 each. The Bruno breed was originated by this dealer, and was obtained by crossing the Newfoundland with the St. Bernard mastiff and the Alpine Shepherd dog. These animals are highly prized by Southerners as watch dogs, and pups readily fetch $100 each. They are large dogs, sometimes attaining a length of 7 feet, and 34 inches in height, and a weight of 130 lbs. The St. Bernard mastiff is very rare, and of course bring high prices. The Newfoundland is the most popular dog with all classes, and large numbers of them, both pure breed and mongrels, are sold annually. Perfect blackness of color is the American test of purity of breed, and pups answering this demand sell at $10 to $25 each. The Shepherd dog, or Scotch colly, is in large demand, and when well trained, bring from $50 to $100. Of terriers there are many varieties, the black and tan being the favorites, and probably the most fashionable dog in existence. When finely bred and well cared for, this is an elegant animal, quick, sharp, and intelligent, an excellent "ratter," and capable of being trained to hunt anything. They vary in weight from 1 to 25 lbs., having of late years been greatly refined by crossing with the Italian grayhound. When persisted in, this produces very elegant animals, but their proportions generally lack symmetry, and they become delicate and unfit for active exercise. The black and tan is valued in proportion to his diminutive size. In price they average from $20 to $100 and upwards. The black and tan terrier we believe to be the best dog for farmers. They are not large enough to injure sheep, and they are fine watch dogs, the best of ratters, gentle and affectionate playmates for children, and at home both in barn and in the house. The Scotch terrier is one of the hardiest of dogs, very courageous, and the enemy of all vermin. He is at present very fashionable, and his price ranges from $10 to $30. For sporting and hunting dogs—beagles, harriers, pointers, and setters—there is always an active demand, and when well trained, they bring high prices. The black and tan German beagle sells in great numbers at $15 to $40 for shooting and hunting purposes. Setters and pointers, when well bred and broken, bring from $75 to $100. Spaniels are in but moderate demand. Of pet Spaniels, the King Charles stands at the head of the list. Hosts of them are sold every year, of impure breed and inferior points, at prices varying from $25 to $200. A perfect King Charles possesses seven distinguished points of beauty—round head, short nose, long, curly ears, large, full eyes, black and tan color, without a spec of white, and of weight not exceeding 10 lbs. The genuine are rarely found. One dealer here has one for which he paid 44 guineas, and not long ago one was sold at auction, in England, for the enormous sum of 325 guineas, or $2,600.—*N. Y. World.*

☞ A man up-town says he has a little machine in his house which has acquired perpetual motion. It is a very simple contrivance, requires no weights, lines or springs to make it go, but go it does, and not only will not stop, but to save his life he cannot stop it. It is his wife's tongue!

THE KISS.

When I asked her, "Wilt thou kiss me?"
Nought she said, but hung her cheek so,
As if she were thinking, thinking,
Whether she might do't or no.

Then her fair, kind face upturning,
One sweet touch I there did win;
As if she were a-thinking, thinking
Such small graces are no sin.

She therein lost no composure,
Nor ashamed did she seem;
Truly chaste may grant such favor,
And therein lose no esteem.

—*W. C. Bowne.*

CHERRY WATER.

Everywhere in the northern cantons fruit-trees are standing like forests; and there is not only a brandy distillery in almost every commune, but also a cider-mill. Pears are pressed for their juice, and cherries crushed to make what they call *cherry water.* We one day saw a decanter upon a table filled with what we supposed to be water, as it was colorless, and we had never seen any stronger liquid without some slight tinge of yellow, red, or purple. Being thirsty, we thought to help ourselves, and took a generous draught, which in an instant had pervaded every drop of blood in our veins. It was *cherry water*, but surely deserves a more significant appellation. It is made by crushing fresh cherries and pounding them, as the juice is expressed from grapes. They are then kept slightly warm till fermentation takes place, which sometimes happens the second, and often not till the fourth week. The tub remains covered, and the pulp is stirred every two days. It can then remain a long time without injury, or be immediately distilled like brandy. So long as it runs clear, it is of the right taste and consistency, but when the liquid is thick, it is put back with the pulp in the still. To prevent its taking fire before it begins to boil, it is stirred violently. Like good wine, it improves with age. An imitation is sometimes made of plums, but can easily be detected by mixing it with a few drops of water, when it looks murky, and if rubbed upon the hand has a different flavor.—"*The Cottages of the Alps. By a Lady.*"

She Never Leaves Him.—Look at the career of man as he passes through the world; at man, visited by misfortunes! How often is he left by his fellow-men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his afflictions with unshaken affection; braves the changes of feeling, of his temper embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtue; in resigned patience ministers to his wonts, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distresses, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow come together, she follows him to the tomb with an ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

The Sun Going Out.—There are now more spots on the sun than have been seen before for many years; some of these are visible through a smoked glass to the naked eye. Several stars—some of them of great brilliancy, which from their ascertained distance, must have been as large as our sun—have totally disappeared from the sky; and the question has been raised among astronomers whether the light and heat of the sun are gradually fading away. As this would be accompanied by the destruction of all the plants and animals on the earth it is rather an interesting question. The sun's light and heat are diminished by the dark spots at the present time above one per cent.

☞ Very few practice charity; but almost everybody seems to think he can afford to give it a good word.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duke of Sutherland is the grandest of all the northern nobility; his income is nearly two million dollars, but, like a wise man, as the ladies will say, he leaves the business of it mostly to his duchess. This lady is one of the most magnificent representatives of her title that England can boast of. Every one has heard of her splendid philanthropy. The London correspondent of the N. O. Delta describes her in the following terms:

She is a woman of almost colossal stature, and yet of vast dignity of deportment, and what is rare in the mighty of size, of infinite taste to set off her handsome person, and what is rarest of all in any one, wonderfully good humored. This lady should have a world-wide reputation as a politician, if she be rightly represented. She is the chief of the whig ladies, and gentlemen, too, and should there be a difficulty with any one of them, and old Lord Palmerston finds his arts and the fascinations of Cambridge House, his residence, growing of little value, the refractory are passed over to the glorious duchess; for no man in his senses and with a spark of the chivalry we yet pride ourselves upon possessing, would think of saying nay to the duchess's invitation to spend two or three days at one of her country residences, where, of course, everything is at once put *comme il faut* for a grand reception, according to the tastes of the man she has to deal with. If he love art, its representatives are culled from the cream, and there is a veritable festivity of all that is great in artistic life—science, music, beauty, sporting, or stern philosophy—no matter, while the taste of the honored guest is pandered to; and it must be a stern and peculiar temperament that can resist the words of friendly sympathy, of counsel and interest, with which woman overcomes the strongest, by gently gliding into the sympathies and the confidence of the friends she aims at winning.

Sir Robert Peel knew the wonderful power of this great lady right well, and flung up his post as Prime Minister rather than consent to the duchess remaining attendant upon the Queen, as mistress of the robes, and with all the chances of political influence open before the courtiers, which she knows so well how to make use of. And what a correct department is that for the duchess—the highest in the gift of the Queen—though it sounds rather low, to look after the clothes. The duchess sits in the same carriage with the Queen on all great occasions, and is her right-hand woman. Her splendor shows in the fact that she has an artist at her residence in town constantly devising combinations for costumes, and when she has hit upon anything grand for the duchess, it is woven expressly for her, and then the whole loom-work, and the remainder of the stuff not used in the single dress wanted, is destroyed, so that it may not come into meaner wear than hers. This is, of course, only for court and grand ball costumes.

CHECKING PERSPIRATION.

A Boston merchant, in "lending a hand" on board of one of his ships on a windy day, found himself, at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted, and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise, he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained two years; and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, "pneumonia," ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, or of sitting at open window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all, that a cold never comes without a cause, and that in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.—*Dr. Hall.*

Evil Reports.—A writer in the Presbyter accounts very ingeniously and justly, for the evil reports which are circulated to the injury of good people: "When Sanballat sent word to Nehemiah that there were certain reports in circulation concerning him of an unfavorable character, Nehemiah replied: 'There are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart.' How truly the words describe much of the evil surmising there is in the world! Sanballet judged Nehemiah by what he would have been himself in Nehemiah's position. A drunken man often thinks everybody else is drunk. Whirl yourself round on your heel, until your brain is reeling, and all the world will seem to be whirling around you. Just so a corrupt mind thinks everybody else is corrupt."

The Two Debaters.—Drs. Chalmers and Stuart must have been a "wee bit" metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said—

"I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put in a recent tract called 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'"

"Why," exclaimed Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract; I published it myself!"

☞ The man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

SPEAKING HIS MIND.

Old Deacon Hobhouse had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Especially if any matter troubled him, he had to talk it over with himself before his peace of mind could be restored. One day he was alone in his barn, pitching hay from the scaffold to the mow, when his neighbor Stevens went to find him. Stevens heard a voice, and listened. It was the deacon, talking to himself. He was condemning, in the strongest terms the extravagance of the minister's wife.

"She sets a worse example than Satan!" exclaimed the deacon, by way of climax.

And having freed his mind, he was preparing to come down from the loft, when Stevens glided out of the barn, and came in again just as the deacon landed on the floor.

"How d'e do, deacon!" cried Stevens. "I want to borrow your half-bushel an hour or two."

"Oh, sartin, sartin," said the deacon.

The measure was put into the neighbor's hands, and he departed.

It was a peaceful community,—the minister's wife was an excellent woman, notwithstanding her love of finery, and Deacon Hobhouse was of all men the least disposed to make trouble in the society. Hence the sensation which was produced when the report circulated that he had used almost blasphemous language in speaking of that amiable lady. The sweetest tempered woman would not like to hear of a grave and influential deacon declaring that she "sets a worse example than Satan!" The minister's wife, whose ear was in due time reached by the report, felt in a high degree incensed, and sent her husband to deal with the honest old man.

The latter was astonished when told of the charge against him.

"I never said so!" he solemnly averred.

"You are quite positive that you never did?" said the minister.

"Heaven knows! It's as false as can be!" exclaimed the deacon. "Whatever thoughts I may have had about your wife's extravagance—and I am *now* free to say I *do* think she has set our wives and daughters a-running after new bonnets and shawls, and such vanities—whatever thoughts I've had, though, I've kept 'em to myself; I never mentioned 'em to a living soul, never!"

The good man's earnestness quite convinced the minister that he had been falsely reported. It was therefore necessary to dig to the root of the scandal. Mrs. Brown, who had told the minister's wife, had heard Mrs. Jones say that Mr. Adams said that Deacon Hobhouse said so; and Mr. Adams, being applied to, stated that he had the report from Stevens, who said he *had heard* the deacon say so. Stevens was accordingly brought up for examination, and confronted with the deacon.

"It's an outrageous falsehood!" said the deacon. "You know, Stevens, I never opened my lips to you on the subject—nor to any other man."

"I heard you say," remarked Stevens, coolly, "that the minister's wife sets a worse example than Satan; and I can take my oath of it."

"When? where?" demanded the excited deacon.

"In your barn," replied Stevens, "when I went to borrow your half-bushel."

"There never was such a lie! Stevens—Stevens," said the quivering deacon—"you know—"

"Wait till I explain," interrupted Stevens. "I was on the barn floor, you was up on the scaffold pitching hay, and talking to yourself. I thought it too good to keep; so, just for the joke, I told what I heard you say."

The deacon scratched his head, looked humbled, and admitted that he might, in that way, have used the language attributed to him. To avoid trouble in the society, he afterwards went to apologise to the minister's wife.

"You must consider," said he, "that I was talking to myself; and when I talk to myself, *I am apt to speak my mind very freely.*"

THE MAGIC BOX.

A housekeeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not what to do to get out of her difficulties. After a time she bethought herself of a wise old hermit who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her trouble, saying—

"Things go on badly enough; nothing prospers in doors or out; pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortune?"

The hermit—a shrewd, rosy man—begged her to wait, and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, after a short time brought out a very curious looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year: but you must three times a day and three times a night carry it into the kitchen, the cellar and the stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it, that shortly you will find things improve. But be sure at the end of a year, to bring back the box. Now, farewell."

The good woman received the precious box with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a supper of omelets. In the stable, she discovered and corrected some new faults. At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the box to the hermit, and besought him to allow her to keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer, and I am sure all will be remedied."

The hermit smiled, and replied,

"I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within, you shall have."

He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:—

"Would you thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must every corner see."

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
OF THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOR 1861.

Toll, bells, within your airy heights;
Wail, wind! o'er moor and mere,
On this, the saddest of all nights,
The last night of the year;
The last long night, when lamps are lit
Like tapers 'round a bier,
When quiet folks at still hearths sit,
And God seems very near.

How gladly did the Spring go by,
The gentle, girlish Spring:
How madly did the Summer die,
In rosy rioting;
How stilly came the Autumn on,
As stilly to depart:
How kindly has the Old Year done
Its mission to each heart!

Though vainly o'er his nameless woe
Full many a mortal weeps:
Though, folded in the silent snows,
Full many a darling sleeps;
Though pleasant eyes, that saw it come,
Can never see it go,
Still, kindly has the Old Year done
Its mission here below.

For every cloud, within its breast
A golden sunbeam bore,
And every joy was doubly blest
By sorrows gone before;
And every little soul that laid
Mortality aside,
Departing, left us in its stead,
An angel, holy-eyed!

And on this last night of the year,
This quiet, dreamy night,
The angel-messengers are here,
A goodly, gracious sight!
With white robes shining through the gloom,
With fair, immortal faces,
They flit around the home-like room,
And fill familiar places.

Their hands are felt where other hands
Were felt in days before:
Their heads are laid where other heads
Shall never linger more!
Their rustling footsteps seem to mock
The pattering feet, now clay,
And, mingling with the ticking clock,
Their voices breathe for aye;

Of myriad blessings, to be born
Within the coming year—
Of love and peace for those who mourn,
And hope for those who fear;
Of darksome records washed away
From sorrow and from sin—
Of good seed sown, and in their day,
Rich harvests gathered in.

Of ships that shall go down to sea,
And leave a shining track,
And, after cruising merrily,
Shall bring their treasures back;
And of those rarer ships of thought,
Man's noblest argosy,
Which back shall bring to safest port
The wealth of Art's deep sea!

The old clock strikes upon the stair,
Time's tide is at its turn,
And here, and there, and everywhere,
The New Year tapers burn;
Strange, dreamy anthems fill the street,
The mists hang o'er the river—
The organ groans, the drums are beat,
The Old Year's gone forever!

Swing, bells! a hundred happy ways—
Laugh, wind! o'er moor and mere,
On this, the gladdest of all days,
The first day of the year!
The first sweet day, when every one
Is cheerful at his hearth;
The first pure day, when merry sun
Lights up a merry earth.

Shout hearts! from out your fullest depths,
Sing, mortals! till ye tire;
This little new-born year has crept
Close to your blazing fire;
He spreads his tiny, rosy hands,
He basks in genial light—
Oh! read his mission, as he stands,
And read it, friends, aright!

That dimpled form, that pleasant face,
Where blushes gather in—
Oh! were they made to bear the trace
Of bitter wrong and sin?
Were such fair shoulders made to bow
Beneath such dreary weight?
And blood-stains for that open brow?—
Ah, no!—forbid it, Fate!

But take the darling to your breast,
Be tender and discreet;
Let honest thoughts his nectar be,
And honest deeds his meat;
Let purest Charity enfold
Each little naked limb,
And let his crown be Honor's gold,
Which never can grow dim!

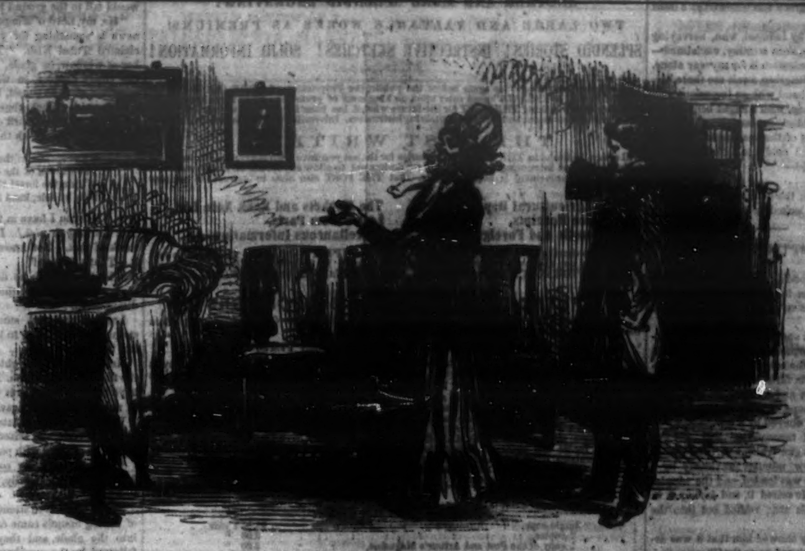
And nobly will his manhood yield
Your well-deserved reward,
For, like a strong and shining shield,
His arm, before the Lord,
Will guard ye from the awful fate
Attending evil men,
And safe in Heaven's high estate,
Will only leave ye then!

Swing, bells! a hundred happy ways—
Laugh, wind! o'er moor and mere,
On this, the gladdest of all days,
The first day of the year!
The first sweet day, when well content,
We gather round the hearth—
Oh, God! we thank Thee, who hast sent
This New Year to our earth!

EXPRESSIVE.—An Irishman, in a town not far from Boston, crying about the streets fish which he wished to advertise as particularly fresh, did it thus:

"*Here's fish! dead fish! all alive!*"

☞ Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.



MISS VIRGO'S NEW BOARDER.

VIOLET;
OR,
THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

[In order that new subscribers who begin with the present number, may be able to go on with this interesting story, we may simply state:—

That Erle Gower is the son of Lord Kingswood, by a lady whom he thought he had deluded into a pretended marriage, but which marriage really was a genuine one.

Ishmael (or Lord Vernon) was the lover of the lady in question, and now is determined that Erle shall have his rights.

Erle is ignorant of these facts—having been under Ishmael's care from childhood, until recently taken to Kingswood Manor. Lord Kingswood himself being ignorant of Erle's existence, supposing that he had died when a child.

Cyril is the son of Lord Kingswood, by his present wife, a lady of high family who really is not his legal wife, owing to the fact that Lord Kingswood's first marriage was a legal one. Lady Maud is the cousin of Cyril. Violet, a beautiful forest maiden, under the care of Ishmael, is in love with Cyril, though greatly against the wishes of Ishmael.

Philip Avon is madly in love with Maud, and is very jealous of Erle, whom Maud really loves.

In a personal combat between the two rivals, Philip was left on the ground seriously wounded.

Erle then left Kingswood secretly for London, where he met Beatrice, the sister of an old friend, Carlton Stanhope, who seems to have taken a violent liking for Erle, thus complicating matters not a little.

Violet was removed to London to get her out of Cyril's way, and placed under the care of an ancient spinster, who does not believe in love, Miss Albertina Virgo.

Pharisee, Lord Kingswood's valet, is a sleek hypocrite, false to everybody. He has seen a letter to Lady Kingswood from a certain Lord Chillingham, and resolves to use his knowledge to obtain power over that lady, whom he greatly admires. He has also promised to obtain for Lady Kingswood, full knowledge of Erle's parentage, which she suspects, and she has promised to reward him for so doing.

Ishmael (Lord Vernon) seeing that Violet is pining in her seclusion, has determined to introduce her to new scenes and people, hoping thereby to divert her affections from Cyril.

At the time the following chapter commences, Erle Gower has left his friend's house in London secretly, in search of lodgings—while Lord Kingswood, into whose ear Pharisee has poured the slanderous charge against Erle, that he had waylaid Philip Avon, and also Cyril on a previous occasion, is about to rush into the Chase in pursuit of both Erle and Cyril.

The supernatural machinery of the story, including the superstition of the Maiden or Wonder of the Chace, will doubtless develope itself in the course of the narrative].

CHAPTER XXIII.

The unexpected mention of Cyril Kingswood's name by Carlton Stanhope had precipitated Erle's departure from the residence of the latter.

Impetuous, impatient of control, unreflecting, Erle had withdrawn himself from an opportunity upon which for a moment, and a moment only, he had congratulated himself as affording a favorable opening to his future career.

Well educated, conscious of the possession of considerable mental powers and great physical energy, he regarded an appointment under government as an office in the most eminent degree suited to his abilities. He thought of men who, at first in a subordinate post, had, by great intellectual capacity and indomitable perseverance, pushed their way on to wealth and eminence, and he saw in this same government appointment of which Carlton had spoken, the stepping-stile to the path along which he desired to race.

But a word had been spoken, a blow had fallen, and he was, as it were, prostrate in the dust, alone, unfriended, with a path yet unhewed out of the rocky way of life, and the weapon wanting with which to carve it.

In his solitary ride in the vehicle he had engaged, he had time to ruminate over the past, his present position, and his prospects for the future. The wounded form of Philip Avon haunted him. He was convinced that he had not killed him; he was certain that his sword had inflicted only flesh-wounds, and his bullet had disabled only his right arm, but the blood-stained form, with all its sickening, hideous accessories, would appal his vision as though it were the spectre of a murdered man, and his the hand that had committed the deed of blood.

He had recognized Cyril Kingswood, as he entered the glade, making his way to the scene of conflict; and he was well aware that in Kingswood Hall there had subsequently echoed, from vault to roof, wild, exaggerated stories concerning the discovery of Philip Avon's body. He surmised quickly enough that his absence would at once stamp him as the perpetrator of the act by which Philip Avon had fallen, and that malignancy on the one hand, and the natural tendency of human nature to view such matters through the darkest medium, would, on the other, attribute to the simple defeat of his antagonist, achieved on the fairest terms, the most criminal motives.

Against such imputations he was aware that he had but his simple, unsupported testimony. He was satisfied that Philip Avon would not hesitate to basely traduce him; and thus he was only too painfully convinced that within Kingswood Hall his name would be blackened, his character defamed, and the vilest of these charges would be apparently confirmed by his flight.

Lord Kingswood, he believed, would, though disturbed by the occurrence, be secretly glad that he had gone, never again to cast his shadow upon his threshold, and he did not suppose that any other member of the family or household would entertain any other opinion.

Hence his natural dislike to again encounter Cyril Kingswood.

Yet there was one beneath the fretted roof of that noble building who would not, he felt assured, think of him other than he deserved. She would intuitively know that he had raised his hand for her fair sake, and that he had proved the victor. She would not blame him, though he had fled. She would not let a word of censure respecting him pass her lips. She only, and alone, would pity him, and wish him a different fate to that which now seemed to stare him gloomily in the face.

Yes, Lady Maud, at least, would think of him with compassionate tenderness; and though the whole world, cold, selfish, and unfeeling as it was, would speak and think of him harshly and ungraciously, Lady Maud would breathe his name with gentleness, think of him in kindness, and, perhaps, drop a tear over his forlorn, solitary, and friendless condition.

A loud crash prevented further thought. He was jerked forward, and at the same moment he fancied he beheld a large bundle fall from the roof of the cab.

He got the door of the vehicle open as soon as possible, and stepped out; at the same moment he beheld the bundle he had seen precipitated to the ground rise up and roll towards him, and a voice issuing from the upper part exclaimed—

"Well I'm blowed, this is a good hedge, I'm blessed if it aint."

Erle now perceived that the bundle resolved itself into a cab-driver, but he was so swathed in great coats and shawls it was almost impossible to define the shape of a human being.

"What has happened?" he inquired in a quick, sharp tone.

"Why it's 'appened that all on us a' been asleep. My 'oss 'as run agin a lamp'os; I've been chucked off my perch, which this dabble Benjamin 'as broke my fall; an' you've been druv forward and murdered at one slap, your werry superior goes inter a hopera 'at, but that's all past along. Where it all is, though, I don't think there's any 'arm done, 'cept to the lamp'os, about which I shan't trouble my mind."

"But where are we?" inquired Erle, gazing around him.

Houses still everywhere; streets running and intersecting each other in every direction.

"Why, we're on a 'ill, that's all I knows about it," replied the cabman. "You left it to me, I left it to the 'oss; he decides, a'ter a long run, on a lamp'os, an' here we are."

"This is folly," exclaimed Erle, angrily. "I wish to be taken to some place where I can take up my abode for a time."

"'Partments, I suppose?" suggested the cabman.

"A place where I can live," repeated Erle, petulantly.

"Exactly," responded the cabman, "'partments is what you wants; furnished 'partments, a' course, for you don't carry yer tables and chairs and beds in that 'ere trunk o' yours. You should 'a said that at fust, an' I could accommodated you slap myself; but it's too far off now. Besides, there's a card in that window, which, as the gas is so obligin' as to shine on it, will tell you what it says."

He pointed to a house opposite to which they were standing, as he spoke.

Erle advanced to the iron railings in front of the house, and leaning over them, he read, by the light of the lamp, printed on the card, "Genteel furnished apartments."

He cast his eyes about the neighborhood as he read the card, but the night was dark, and the place was feebly lighted; he could make out but very few of its characteristics, and he put some questions to the cabman, who, civilly enough, replied to him, respecting the mode of hiring apartments, although in such a cant style of language, that Erle could not clearly understand it.

The driver, however, soon cut the colloquy short.

"My 'oss is knocked up, I see," he said rather harshly. "He's looking about for a soft place to lay down on, a artful card as he is. Here, I'll just knock the people up 'ere. It aint quite the time o' night to look arter apartments; but then, people don't choose their own times to come off journeys, and they must sleep somewhere."

With that, the cab-driver knocked at the street door with an emphasis which woke up the echoes of the place, and made every dog in the vicinity bark furiously.

The door was quickly opened, for, after all, the hour was not very late, and the visage of an elderly spinster presented itself. She had a sanguine front, adorned with numerous small, tight ringlets, upon her brow—literally upon her brow—for, in the fright the heavy arpeggio, or knocker, had occasioned her, she had contrived to huddle her curls over her left eye, and her turban over her right ear.

At first sight she appeared like one who had emerged, after a long stay in a spirit cellar; at a second glance, like one alarmed out of a snorting doze. "Murder, thieves, fire!" trumbled on her tongue, and her underjaw wagged rapidly, to pronounce words she could not articulate.

"Is your'n a first-floor front, mum?" inquired the cabman, as a suspicion crossed him that he had seen her face somewhere chiselled on a church buttress.

The lady, with a crimsoned, angry face, restored the unmistakeable wig to its proper situation, and fiercely demanded what he meant by such a fool's remark.

Erle put him aside, and said to her, in his rich, pleasing tone of voice,

"I regret exceedingly to disturb you at so unseasonable hour as this, but I am in search of a temporary abode; chance led me hither, and, seeing the announcement in your window, I took advantage of it to make an immediate application to you, to ascertain whether—whether—"

He paused, hardly knowing how to shape the words so as to convey his meaning.

She caught him up quickly.

"Whether I can accommodate you," she supplied. "Well, yes, I can do so, but there are certain formalities which—will you be so good as to step inside for a minute or two, and perhaps we can arrange."

Erle consented; and the tall, scraggy, matronly lady adjusting her cap, and making sure of her golden chestnut front, led the way into a parlor, leaving the cabdriver on the doorstep.

As Erle did not object to pay twice the rent the lady would have asked anyone else—and as he was quite willing to liquidate his rent in advance, the lady, favorably affected by his face and commanding figure, consented to waive references, made a great favor of accepting him as a tenant, and "took him in" in more than one sense of the word.

The cabdriver was discharged, and Erle installed in his new apartments, once more found himself in a new home.

A few days consumed in planning and scheming designs for the future, found him dejected in spirits, in fact, ill both in mind and body. The windows of his apartments looked only upon bleak, blank brick walls. There were no books to interest or cheer him, and no one but his spinster landlady to talk to.

She, indeed, gave him more of her company than he desired. She attended upon him at meals, and talked to him from the instant she opened the door until she had closed it upon herself when she quitted it.

She smiled at him, and smirked at him, and fleeced him all the while most graciously. At first, he smiled in reply, then he grew grave, and at last, dull and gloomy. She found him often leaning on his arm, with his hand to his brow, and left him in the same attitude when she quitted.

One morning she rallied him.

"You are very dull, sir," she commenced. "Very low-spirited, I perceive. Not satisfied with my attention, perhaps."

"Oh, yes," he returned quickly, "more than satisfied. In fact, I would rather you did not trouble yourself quite so much about me."

"Oh," she replied with a smirk, "the trouble is a pleasure. There are some people for whom I wouldn't care to cross the threshold of the door; but you, my dear—hem! how naughty and forgetful of me, he, he—I mean, my good young friend, you may command my presence. I see that you are melancholy—the green and yellow melancholy, which Dr. Buchan says is a sign of bile. Now you must get rid of that, and the best remedies are cheerfulness and pills. I have brought a box of the one, and my work and some chat for the other. Oh, but I'll make quite a beau of you before I've done with you, and you shall love me like—like, like a sister, you know—he—he. Modesty compels me to say a sister, for that propriety prescribes; still, we can think what we please, and say—sister."

Erle, perplexed and troubled, not by her words, for he did not heed them, but by her forcing her society, which he found singularly distasteful, upon him, rose, and looked out of his windows upon the brick walls.

He uttered an impatient exclamation, and paced up and down the room with impatient strides.

His ladyship glanced up at him, and her pale-green eyes followed him admiringly.

"Ah," she said, presently, with a kind of spasmodic gasp, intended to represent a sigh, "you don't like the view."

He looked sharply at her.

"View!" he ejaculated, with a derisive smile.

"You have been used to trees and fields, and mangolwurzel, and turnips, and oats, and all those growing things, I'll be bound," she remarked, still following his movements with an eye which scanned his proportions with inward commendation.

"I have," he said, briefly.

"It is a strange coincidence," she replied, musingly, "that the very day you came in, a—a father—no—a guardian, and, I suppose, his ward, a young, affected minx, went out of these apartments. The young person some would have called pretty; I call her a wax doll, pink and white, namby-pamby doll. She had been brought up among corn-fields, and trees, and meadows, and that sort of thing, and here she sat and moped, and snivelled, until really the very window-panes were all of a steam."

"She probably grieved for the scenes she had loved," said Erle.

"And the young man, too, I imagine," responded his landlady, with an affected giggle, hiding her antique, brown countenance with her bony shrivelled hand. "Not," she added, "that I could understand how she ever found a sweetheart in such a lonely, desolate, dreary, old rheumatecy spot as Kingswood Chace."

"Where?" exclaimed Erle, in a tone which caused his landlady to scream, and her unsettled wig to slide down her forehead and blind her.

As in confusion she pushed it up to its place, she saw Erle standing before her almost glaring upon her with an air of eager astonishment.

There was upon his young and handsome features an expression so remarkable that it made her pause ere she replied; it compelled her to remember that between her brother-in-law, whose house she kept, and the stern-faced man who had recently come there with a wan, melancholy young girl, there was some strange and mysterious connection.

She did not know Kingswood Chace from Hatfield Chace, but it occurred to her, that respecting the domain, there might be a secret with which her brother-in-law might have to do, and as he always looked upon an error of commission on her part as a thing he was bound to pay with promptitude and severity, he called it [illegible], she jumped to a conclusion that it would be as well not [illegible] to repeat the name of the locality she had just mentioned, but to assume at once anything [illegible] word about her late tenant.

But Erle was not to be so put off, until he deliberately and directly asked her to repeat what she said.

"You spoke of Kingswood Chace," he observed. "Pray tell me the name of the person—the young lady I mean, who was brought up there."

"You quite mistake me, sir," the elderly spinster replied, with an abrupt primness, for it suddenly occurred to her that, by a yet more singular coincidence than the one which had already suggested itself, the young man Miss Violet had pined after was at that moment before her, and her own chance of captivating him was at once demolished. "You mistake me, I assure you," she repeated. "I believe I said Kingston-place. If I was at any time ever conscious of anything falling from my lips, I am certain that I said Kingston-place—Miss [illegible], of Kingston-place."

"You certainly, madam, said Kingswood Chace," persisted Erle. "Now, as I—"

"Oh," interrupted the lean spinster, rising up with a bridling air, "if I am to be browbeaten I will resign the atmosphere of this apartment at once. If it is intended that I should be the victim of furious bullying and flat contradiction, I will [illegible] myself in another part of the house. Good-morning."

"But, madam—" interposed Erle, advancing to her.

"Hah!" half shrieked the bony, maiden housekeeper. "Would you use violence? Oh, false, wicked youth, I could not have expected this outrage from you."

The lady proceeded to try and produce, on a very mild scale, a fit of hysterics, which completely mystified and bewildered Erle, but at the same time rendered him excessively indignant and wholly indisposed to assist her.

The hysterics were, however, abruptly terminated without his intervention, for the door opened, and a tall, rigid, thin, white-faced man entered. His visage was singularly wrinkled, his cheeks and brow being furrowed to an unusual extent, either from extreme care and anxiety or from practical and intense study. The top of his scalp was quite bald, but some long, thin patches of hair yet black, combed from the sides, lay across it like pieces of dark fringe, and made its hue appear yet more pallid than it was in reality.

He was about to make a short, sharp observation to his maiden housekeeper, who, on his entrance, became suddenly full of life and vigor, when his eyes fell upon Erle.

He started as if he had seen a spectre. Then he walked slowly up to him, and examined every feature closely and with slow care, until Erle, with flushed cheek and knitted brow, demanded of him his reason for this rude inspection.

The old gentleman did not answer him, but turning to the afflicted virgin, who was his domestic deity, he said, curtly—

"Miss Virgo, leave the room."

Miss Virgo made a brace of circles with the tips of her nose and chin, cast a reproachful glance at Erle, a look of viraginian acidity at her Lares, and then fixing up ceiling-wards her unsubdued countenance, sailed with a kind of funeral-procession step out of the room.

Left alone together, the strange old gentleman repeated his scrutiny of Erle's features and form, then screwing up his eyes, he said, not rudely, but yet with something of a peremptory tone—

"What was your motive in coming here?"

Erle repeated his words with a look of impatient and haughty surprise. He cast his eyes upon his questioner, and then ran them round the room, with a contemptuous survey.

"Accident brought me hither," he said, coldly. "I had need of a quiet, retired residence. The man who drove me in his vehicle fell asleep upon his box, and a concussion against a lamp-post, opposite to your house, enabled me to see that apartments were to be had here. Upon inquiry, I made arrangements to take possession of them, and I am here, as you see."

"Destiny," muttered the old man, as he still kept fixed upon Erle's face a penetrating, steadfast look.

After a minute's silence, he uttered a kind of spasmodic groan, and with his hands behind him, paced the room.

Abruptly he halted, and facing Erle, who was regarding him with wonder, he said, with an authoritative tone—

"When did you leave Kingswood Hall?"

Erle staggered back a step or two at this direct question. It was impossible more to have astonished him. Miss Virgo's singular remark flashed through his mind, and again he ran his eye rapidly round the apartment, and then turned a look of inquiry upon his interrogator.

The old man somewhat sternly repeated his question.

Erle haughtily drew himself up and replied—

"I have yet to learn by what right you put that question to me."

"I have the right," rejoined the old man, dogmatically; "let that satisfy you. I know you, let that assure you."

He abruptly seized Erle's right hand, and looked earnestly at it. He flung it from him rather than dropped it.

"Foh!" he cried, "there is blood upon it."

Erle turned pale and bit his lip. His hand throbbed and smarted, as though it had been bitten by a snake.

He cast a sidelong glance at it—he could not refrain—it was as clear and white as usual. Yet there appeared for an instant—

[illegible]—a blotch of blood blurring the fingers and the back of his hand.

He thrust it into his vest, and with some [illegible], said—

"Who told you you knew me, and that you have a right to question me. Who am I, and what is the nature of your right to catechise me?"

The old man responded with a noiseless laugh.

"Answer me!" cried Eric impetuously. "I will know this from you at least."

"You can know from me only what I may please to tell you," returned the old man, gravely; "nevertheless, I will prove to you that I do know you, because I have private reasons for wishing you to be convinced of my assertion. I desire that you should have confidence in me, and I cannot hope to create it unless I satisfy you that you are no stranger to me and have not been for years."

Eric eyed his face and form in mute wonder, and the old man let him, unchecked, pursue his scrutiny. At length the youth said—

"I know you not: I have never seen you before. How, then, can you know me?"

"You have seen me before, but not to notice me," returned the old man. "Many a time I have been down to Avening, and from Dr. Crumbey's private apartment have watched you in the playground leap, wrestle, race, play bouts at single-stick, football, and other athletic games, with the same animated enthusiasm as those who had a happy home to fly to when the school-term had ended—a mother's loving eyes to smile up into, a proud father to praise and reward them when they were beneath that happy roof-tree."

Eric set his teeth together, but a gush of water would, in spite of an effort to prevent it, spring up into his eyes.

"I have seen you, too," continued the old man, reflectively, "in the vacation, when the school-room was silent, the playground deserted, and its walls no longer echoed back the ringing, happy laughter of careless, joyous boyhood. I have watched your fearless feats of horsemanship, your undaunted trials of strength with antagonists of superior physical powers, your successful assaults of arms with an accomplished swordsman, and I have marvelled as much at the even equanimity—the, I may say, noble calmness and dignity—with which you endured your isolation from all who bore ties of affinity to you, if any such lived, as I did the extraordinary rapidity with which you mastered every acquirement needful to surmount the strange and extraordinary obstacles to overcome ere you can fulfill the mission."

"My mission!" repeated Eric, with a startled look, and a sudden pressure of his brow with his hand, as though the word recalled some memory.

"Aye," rejoined the old man, emphatically, "you have a mission as well as a destiny.—You have a part to enact, an ordeal to pass through; sorrow and trial await you. You have already stepped upon its path, made slippery by human blood. You will yet have to force your way onward and upward over rugged steeps, through thorny brakes—now led by an *ignis fatuus*—now enmeshed by traitorous artifices, or ensnared by fascinating temptation. You have a duty to perform, a wrong to revenge, a right to establish. You cannot halt in your path; you must press onward until you triumph or you fall. There will be no mean between the two extremes where you may rest. You must be Cæsar or nothing. Are you satisfied now, Eric Gower?"

The mention of his name, uttered with a peculiarly sarcastic emphasis, completed the impression which the strange old man sought to create on Eric's mind, and he sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

A crowd of distracting thoughts rushed through his brain, and mystified rather than enlightened him.

He rose abruptly, and said to the old man—

"Who, then, are you, who, having watched my progress through my school life, with an interest which fell short of making yourself known to me at a time when the face of a friend would have been so dear, the pressure of a friendly hand so welcome—who are you, sir, who, thus identified with my past, have taken upon yourself to predict my future?"

"Do you not know where you are?" inquired the old man, eyeing him doubtfully.

"No," replied Eric; "I have not quitted the house since I entered it. I have no correspondence with any one in the world. I, therefore, have had no need to inquire the address."

"The hill upon which this house stands is named Gray's Mount," responded the old man, with a furtive glance at Eric's face.

"Gray's Mount!" repeated Eric, hastily, and with no little confusion. "You, then, are—"

"Nusiah Pengreep," was the reply.

The brow of Eric fell.

"I am caught in the sprynge I would have most wished to avoid," he ejaculated, in a tone of vexed and bitter disappointment.

"Nay," said the old man, quickly depressing his voice to a whisper, "I am your friend, your devoted friend. I have a deep though hidden interest in you. No one knows it as yet. Oh, but it shall be known on one grand terrible day. Do not deceive yourself. Fate could not have been more gracious to you.—Frown as she may hereafter, she smiles upon you now—now, for *I* say it, and you may depend upon what *I* say."

There was an extraordinary degree of excitement in old Pengreep's manner as he uttered these words. He bent his knees, and tossed his arms wildly in the air, like one distraught, but as he concluded, he resumed his usual rigid demeanor, and said, as he drew himself up erect as a military man—

"Now, my friend, inform me what was [illegible]—the sanguinary stain, for blood I [illegible] has been shed—of your flight from [illegible] Hall?"

[illegible] said a loud voice close to them.

[illegible] turned, and beheld Ishmael Malpas standing upon the threshold of the partly-opened door.

A faint exclamation from the lips both of Eric and old Pengreep was followed by a dead silence.

It was broken by Ishmael, who, surveying both with a stern, keen scrutiny, exclaimed—

"That communication is for my ear alone. To your room, Pengreep, await me there."

He waved his hand with an imperious gesture, and Pengreep, with a slight bend of the head, and a crabbed expression of the features, hurried out of the apartment.

Ishmael pointed coldly to a chair, and addressing Eric, said—

"Be seated!"

Then he closed the door of the room, and, turning the key, locked it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lord Kingswood's wild flight into the Park, and thence into the Chace, in search not only of his son, but of Eric, was made alone.

His perturbed and disordered manner excited but little surprise in the state of confusion into which the household had been precipitated, and his furious calls for some of his people to arm and follow him, were misinterpreted, perhaps, wilfully by several, and only imperfectly obeyed by a few.

As he hurried through the hall, his eye caught sight of a gun which had been placed in a corner a few minutes previously by a gamekeeper. It was loaded, and the nipples were capped. He seized it, and laying it in the hollow of his arm, rushed out into the Park.

A hasty survey showed him that it was deserted, and he pressed on to the Chace.

Not at random, not wildly over glades, in brakes, coppices, or coverts, but in one direction. He looked neither right nor left, but pressed onward as though bound for some particular spot, where he felt that he should find Cyril—a spot wherein he equally felt that he ought not to find him—a spot in which he wished not for worlds to discover him.

Yet it was in that spot where he met with him.

Standing in front of the old hunting-tower, gazing sadly up at its desolate exterior, stood, in a thoughtful, mournful attitude, his son Cyril. He heard not his father's hurried tread; he saw not his advancing form; he beheld only the place in which the sweet and innocent Violet had dwelt, the window from whence her young, pure, lovely face had gazed in adoration and devotion up to the blue, unclouded skies, or on the fresh, blooming trees and blossoming buds beneath.

He started as he felt his father's hand upon his shoulder. He turned pale as he heard his ghostly, frenzied whisper in his ear. He turned whiter still when he beheld the expression of his face.

"What do you here, Cyril, in this place? What do you here at the place of doom for the House of Kingswood? Come hence, boy, come hence, it is an unhallowed, unholy spot, fatal to all who bear our name. Come, come, come!"

Cyril, aroused from his sad reverie, listened to his father's words with an expression of wonder upon his face. He looked at his father's quivering features—he looked up at the old hunting-lodge, which seemed to frown down upon the earth, to which it appeared ready to descend—a crumbled ruin.

He did not move, but in sharp and earnest tones, he said, as he pointed to the building—

"Tell me, my lord, what share can that old building have in the fortunes, or, as you express it, the doom of our house?"

"Aha!" cried his father, in the same excited manner. "It is well that you have not had occasion already to know why that accursed pile influences the destinies of our race. It shall henceforth be my care that you do not by experience obtain the bitter knowledge, for let me here forewarn you, Cyril."

He caught him by the wrist, and pointed to a window at which Cyril had been gazing—a window he had often watched from a leafy thicket at hand, because it was Violet's chamber window. It was there he had seen her sweet face peer wistfully, at times with a thoughtful, happy expression, at others with a solicitous, earnest aspect, as if she were breathlessly listening for the closely imitated cry of a bird with which he brought her to his side.

Cyril saw with surprise that his father drew his attention to it.

"Behold!" his father exclaimed; "that window, now closed upon a room which appears silent and deserted, has at certain times revealed a face as fair and seraph-like as woman's can be on earth. To a Kingswood alone is that face first revealed. To a Kingswood alone is the love of the weird creature given. A Kingswood alone can win her, but the Kingswood who wears the prize perisheth miserably. This has been for hundreds of years, it has been as yesterday, it may be to-day again, or to-morrow. I seek not to explain the mystery, I do not attempt to measure it by the intelligence of the age, which laughs to scorn the improbable. I am not affected by superstitious fancies, nor am I saddened by the traditionary lore poured into my ears by members of the household. I know, without attempting to account for it, without daring to ridicule it, that a strange, inexpressibly lovely creature, of what creation Almighty Heaven alone can tell, appears to a Kingswood first at that chamber window, or it may be somewhere in a covert, a nook, or corner, in the immediate vicinity of this building. Her unearthly fascination, exquisite, and of a kind seemingly too spirit-like to dwell on earth, enchains, overpowers, subdues him. Woe, woe to him if he sinks beneath her charms spell-bound! he is lost! lost! lost!"

"You bewilder, confuse, torture me!" cried Cyril, in an agony of excitement. "You appear to be speaking of phantoms, mockeries. How can mental delusions of such kinds and such forms have any earthly power over human beings such as you and I? If unreal, how can such phantoms affect the House of Kingswood?"

"This is no phantom, but a reality," cried Lord Kingswood, with agitation. "A tremendous reality. The creature, so fair, so transcendently lovely, is a thing of earth, a creature of flesh and blood, formed in a mould of surpassing loveliness. She cometh here, she knows not how. Not by her own will or dispositions, but by circumstances created for her."

"But who is she?—she has a name, she has a lineage!" cried Cyril, half choked by emotion, for he expected the name of Violet to be shrieked from his father's lips. "Tell me; at least there must be some ruling power that brings her hither—some living human being to whom, by human ties, she must be connected. Who is she?"

"What she is, and ever has been, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE!" replied his father, in thrilling tones.

Cyril bowed his head and clasped his hands and uttered a groan.

Lord Kingswood did not observe it, but said, urgently—

"Come, let us hence. We will away from Kingswood for a time. We will mix in the gay world, forget this desolate place, and its traditions, and so falsify its terrible prediction, so far as you are concerned, Cyril, my son, at least."

"One moment, my lord," exclaimed Cyril, agitatedly. "Pray tell me, have you ever seen—the—the young, fair, beautiful denizen of the hunting-lodge, of whom you have now spoken?"

A fearful spasm passed over the features of Lord Kingswood, as his son's question darted like flashes of withering fire through his ears to his brain.

He pointed to the window, and hoarsely said—

"Twenty years ago, at that window, I saw—I saw—"

The words appeared to choke him—he pressed his hand over his eyes, and hurried away a dozen steps, and groaned audibly.

Cyril followed him, and laid his hand gently upon his shoulder, and said, in a tender voice—

"My lord, this emotion—"

His father flung down his hand, and turned his whole face to him.

"Hush!" he exclaimed, "not a word. You at least have escaped the scathing visitation, and, if the story can be told and received by you as a curious legend, some day I will tell it to you, with more of the traditions of our House than you know, more than you dream of hearing, yet not more than it is your lot, in common with that of our race, to have possession of, with all the responsibilities it entails. Come, this place is dark, unwholesome, and vaporous; let us go."

A wild, rude, boisterous laugh startled both; they turned to ascertain from whom it came, and beheld Tubal Kish, who seemed to have risen out of the ground, standing near the door of the hunting-lodge, leaning upon the limb of a sapling, which seemed to have been wrenched from its stem by his brawny arms.

"Father did see," he cried; "wolf and cub! the eagle and eaglet! the mower and the gleaner! Aye, but the lamb's in another fold—the dove has flown, the nest is empty, the flower is transplanted to another soil."

"What wretch is this?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, shifting his gun ready to place it to his shoulder.

"This fellow is the ruffian Tubal Kish," replied Cyril, who, armed like his father, with a gun, at once placed it in a position for instant use.

"The same villain who committed an outrage upon you, and has all but slain Philip Avon?" cried his father.

"The same," exclaimed Cyril.

"The wretch shall smart for this," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, and, pointing down the glade, he said to Tubal Kish—

"Fellow, you are my prisoner; proceed down yonder glade towards Kingswood Hall; my people are out, and will shortly join us to take you into custody, and let me warn you to go quietly, for you have given me cause to put a bullet through your brain, and I shall not hesitate, if you attempt resistance, to shoot you. You perceive we are both armed, therefore go on peacefully."

"I perceive, my Lord o' Kingswood, that you'v summat more to think about than a poor, rough fellow like I be," returned Tubal Kish, in a significant tone. "An' you tell lies about I, you do—"

Lord Kingswood clapped his gun to his shoulder, and irefully exclaimed—

"Ruffian, such another insult, and I'll shoot you down like a dog!"

"Fair dues," answered Tubal Kish, coolly. "Here me, first, my lord, and shoot afterwards. I've summat particular to tell you, summat you must hear, and won't like when you do hear. It's about the, an' about he, an' about you, an' about *her!*"

He pointed to the hunting-lodge as he spoke.

Lord Kingswood dropped his gun, and a deadly pallor overspread his features.

"Go on!" he exclaimed, in a low, husky voice.

"About me, then," rejoined Tubal Kish.—"I gi' young squire, there, a blow on forehead, but not afore he broke gun-stock about my skull; he knows what vor. As to Philip Avon, I never touched he—no matter what I may do in time to come—nay, it wasn't I as stabbed him and shot him, it was t'other dark-eyed young squire, as have been staying at Castle; he as shot me, too, for which I be in his debt, and will pay 'un what I owe 'un some day, an' interest wi' it. You know, young squire, what he shot I vor."

"What's all this rambling?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, angrily, "some subterfuge, some trick to escape."

"Nay, you can't shoot as fast as I can fly," returned Tubal Kish. "Now for young squire. What did he break his gun-stock about my skull vor?—Because he wanted to pluck the wood Violet, and I held 'un while she was taken away. What did t'other dark young squire shoot I vor?—Because I wanted to save her, poor, pretty, innocent young thing, from clutches o' young squire here."

"She! Her! Fellow!" cried Lord Kingswood, with indignant wrath; "who did you dare to say my son attempted to carry off?"

"THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE!" shouted, rather than exclaimed, Tubal Kish.

Lord Kingswood staggered back, as if he would fall to the ground in a fit.

"He, my Lord o' Kingswood, that piece of news is something for you," derisively exclaimed Tubal Kish. "Your son has seen her at window, in glade, by stream side, in the shady coppice, in the dawning, in the noontide, and the sunset, *but never yet in the moonbeams!* That time is to come—aye, mark me, to come, Lord o' Kingswood, for I tell you I've seen, with these eyes o' mine,

> "The spectre of the race,
> The maiden of the Chace,
> Within the forest stand,
> Side by side, hand in hand.

Aye, I tell you I have in the moonbeams, too. *The dawning is nigh!* Lord o' Kingswood, think of that. You know what comes before it. That's for you!"

With these words he darted, with extraordinary agility, behind the hunting-lodge, and disappeared.

Lord Kingswood stood motionless as a statue, and Cyril near to him seemed scarcely less imbued with life.

Neither made the slightest attempt to arrest the flight of Tubal Kish. If they had it would have been in vain; as it was, he was far out of reach ere Lord Kingswood moved.

When he did, he started as if out of some terrible reverie, and seized Cyril by the hand, which he gripped with painful vigor.

"Tell me, Cyril, my son, one word. This fellow has lied, spitefully, wickedly, wantonly lied."

Before Cyril even attempted a reply, a brace of baying hounds came crashing and leaping into the glade, and they were immediately followed by the gamekeeper and some of the servants, who at once crowded round Lord Kingswood and his son, and made inquiries whether they were unhurt, and whether they had fallen in with the ruffian Tubal Kish, besides a dozen other which Lord Kingswood did not deign to answer.

He bade them lead on to Kingswood Hall, and, leaning upon his son's arm, prepared to follow them.

As they hurried forward, he turned to Cyril, and looked in his face with unutterable anxiety.

"One word, Cyril," he ejaculated.

Cyril cast his sad eyes upon the green turf at his feet, and remained silent.

Lord Kingswood uttered a groan of anguish, and spoke not another word.

In this way they reached the Hall. Lord Kingswood retired to his now lonely and gloomy study, without exchanging a word with his son, and the latter in silence to his own solitary apartment, each a prey to moody and turbulent thoughts.

Kingswood Hall for some days remained still, and solemnly dreary, like a house plunged into deep mourning.

Within one of its chambers lay Philip Avon, unconscious, motionless, his veins almost emptied of their blood, and he oscillating between life and death.

Cyril Kingswood confined himself to his own rooms, fearful to encounter his father, in expectation of having some promise inimical to his future happiness extorted from him, yet yearning to obtain more complete details of the wild and seemingly impossible story he had heard.

At times he would resolve to descend to the old library, and there search among the records and the traditions of the House of Kingswood for some confirmation of the marvellous revelation imparted to him by his father. Anon he would scout the whole disclosure as a preposterous fiction, even though he could not but acknowledge that there was a singular mystery connected with the young and lovely, artless girl, reared in the most secluded and wildest recesses of a forest; something strange and supernatural in her very existence in such a lonely, solitary home.

Yet she was a living, loving creature, of a warm, fond, affectionate nature, full of life, animation, and innocent freedom, pure in spirit, guileless in heart, all that was entrancingly attractive, and yet without one wile to throw the shadow of a doubt upon her perfect and immaculate innocence.

What to him were the circumstances which placed her there? What to him that weak and wandering brains nicknamed her the Wonder of the Chace? What to him that she was a forest child, reared in a leafy home? She was pure and beautiful; what more did he need—her who had won his heart, who held his very existence in her gentle keeping.

What to him where the proud towers of Kingswood Hall, its grounds, its parks, its wooded forests and cultivated domains, cut him off from her and from happiness?

No; she might be a humble child of nature, she might even come under the ban of that weird extraction of which his father had spoken. She might be, he cared not what, he loved her, he knew that he was beloved by her. She had been torn from him, and he determined to devote himself to the discovery of her, and if he found her, to employ all the persuasive eloquence of which he was the master—all the passionate pleadings of an intense love—all the powerful influence, the love he had planted in her single, guileless heart for him to induce her to throw, like himself, the counsels as well as the commands of those nearest and dearest to the winds, to become his wife, and fly together to some secluded place where they could together live in calm, unalloyed happiness, undisturbed in the enjoyment of the deep, unworldly affection which they mutually entertained.

In such romantic dreams as these he was not alone.

Poor Lady Maud, too, kept her chamber, in tribulation. The insinuations of Pharisee respecting Eric almost maddened her. Not for a single moment did she credit them—not for the fraction of an instant did she believe that he had been guilty of the crimes imputed to him.

How had he saved her? At the direst and imminent risk of his life. He had in some such manner saved Cyril from the attacks of a ruffian, though his magnanimous spirit had prevented his making a parade of it. It was true Cyril had made no mention of the obligation he was under to Eric, but, with a woman's quickness of perception, she saw that he had a motive. She knew her Cousin Cyril too well not to perceive this, and that Eric was the sufferer thereby.

Then her own heart told her that if Philip Avon had fallen by his hand, that he had received his wounds in a conflict fairly and honorably conducted on the part of Eric. She, even, though she knew that her hand had been destined by Lord Kingswood for the wounded man, felt unconsciously a secret satisfaction that Eric—if indeed, they had met in mortal encounter—had triumphed.

Oh, was he not brave and skillful in all those manly accomplishments which commend themselves so highly to woman's timid nature? Did she not see that to stand in his shadow, was to command protection from insult or from injury. Did she not, as with glowing cheeks she thought of his fearless daring, feel as the ivy twining round the strong frame of the forest tree, lifted by it into safety, to a happier atmosphere than alone it could enjoy? Did she not feel, too, like Cyril, that she could forego proud palaces and high places, princely domains, and courtly rank, that she might link her fate to his?

Alas, alas, it was not to be, and she wept and wrung her hands in bitter anguish as she felt the bitter conviction steal over her, and realized her utter helplessness to avert the misery the union with Philip Avon would ensure her.

Not less disturbed, distracted was Lady Kingswood. The poisonous words of Pharisee, had eaten like vitriol drops into her heart. Her jealous nature, her natural selfishness, and hence, her inordinate pride, were wounded beyond all measure by the idea that Lord Kingswood had been false to her. To her! Judging his nature exclusively by her own, she could see no more tremendous revenge than retaliation. She by this believed that she should hurl him into the depths of a pit of consuming fire, which would not cease its excruciating tortures until it had reduced his heart, as his happiness, to ashes. She intended, the instant her horrible suspicions were confirmed, first by hints, and then by acts, to drive him into the wildest delirium of despair. It did not occur to her that, by pursuing such a course, how deep would be her own humiliation. She saw not that, by heaping disgrace upon her husband, upon her son, upon every member of her own family, she scorched, blackened, destroyed her own fame beyond all human redemption. She perceived not that she herself would become a finger-point, an object of scorn and contumely; that in dragging her husband down to shame and despair she would cause herself to be hurled out of society with obloquy, with merciless taunts, scoffs, and bitter reprobation.

She sat alone in her own boudoir, and brooded over her position, brooded only to conjure up terrible phantasies, and determine upon a fearful revenge.

Not one of those thus described were plunged into more deep, maddening despair than Lord Kingswood. The flight of Eric, the tacit acknowledgment, by Cyril, that he had not escaped the doom which yet clung to the members of the race, filled his brain with distracting conceptions. He feared the hourly coming of Ishmael with all its attendant horrors, and that fear absorbed all others. In his wildest moment of frenzy he had to undergo an interview with Sir Walter Avon, who had just come from an interview with his son. The latter just able to speak, had made certain communications to Sir Walter, which resulted in the communication to Lord Kingswood, by Sir Walter Avon, that the only way to bridge over a deadly feud between the two families, was to promise formally and positively the hand of Lady Maud to his son Philip. Lord Kingswood readily and emphatically gave his consent, and in the most binding terms the promise required. It squared with his own wishes, and he therefore the more readily acceded to it. Armed with this, Sir Walter Avon returned to his son, who, within a day or two after receiving this welcome information, rallied sufficiently to be conveyed to his own home at Hawkesbury.

At this time, also, Lord Kingswood received a visit from Ebenezer Cotton, of Dursley Court, who waited upon him with a view of negotiating a marriage between Cyril Kingswood and his eldest daughter, upon whom he offered to settle Dursley Court, with an income of thirty thousand a-year.

For reasons easily comprehended, Lord Kingswood jumped at this offer, although he appeared only to entertain it favorably, and put off the consideration of it for a short time: to which Ebenezer Cotton, with his commercial penetration, perceiving that his offer was tacitly accepted, consented, leaving Lord Kingswood to name his time.

"Now," thought Lord Kingswood, hysterically, "there is but Ishmael. I will fight him if he comes to London; I will fling off the thraldom. After the assault on Philip Avon, the boy he fastened on me will not dare show his face. I will deny everything, laugh to scorn his proofs, employ the most subtle lawyers, and suborn a score of hard-swearing witnesses. I will triumph yet. London, London must be, shall be, my field of action.

Within ten days from that time Lord Kingswood and his family were located in their town residence in Belgravia.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A young lady shouldn't be unhappy because she isn't quite as tall as she would like to be. It is a very easy thing to get "spliced."

☞ MAKING IT BETTER.—A member of the legislature having been twitted for saying "individooal," arose, and replied, "Mr. Speaker, I did not say individooal; I said individual."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1861.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY, 1st Month.	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
FEBRUARY, 2d Month.	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22	2 9 16 23
MARCH, 3d Month.	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
APRIL, 4th Month.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
MAY, 5th Month.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25
JUNE, 6th Month.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
JULY, 7th Month.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
AUGUST, 8th Month.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31
SEPTEMBER, 9th Month.	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
OCTOBER, 10th Month.	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
NOVEMBER, 11th Month.	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
DECEMBER, 12th Month.	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURG, PA.—GUNS FOR SOUTHERN FORTS.—An intense excitement was created at Pittsburg, on the 24th, in consequence of its being made public that U. S. Quartermaster Taliaferro was negotiating for the shipment from the Allegheny Arsenal of seventy-eight guns to Newport, near Galveston Island, Texas, and fifty-four guns to the Ship Island, near the Balize, at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Major Symington, of Maryland, who is in command of the Arsenal, declined giving the Press any information on the subject.

It seems that the points referred to are new forts, that have never yet been mounted. These guns are designed for their armament; the gun-carriages being made at Watervliet, New York. These guns are ten inch Columbiads to 32-pounders.

Gen. Moorehead, member to Congress, immediately telegraphed to Mr. Stanton, the Chairman of Military Affairs in the House, for information. Leading Democrats also telegraphed to Washington to have the orders countermanded, saying that the people would not allow the guns to be removed.

Persons of all parties were excited about this removal. Some charging that it was an attempt to strip the Allegheny arsenal, and place the guns where the secessionists might get them, while others regarded it as an attempt at coercion.

The feeling against allowing a gun to be removed South, was almost unanimous. The report prevails that muskets, shells, balls and cavalry accoutrements to a considerable amount have already been shipped.

At a large meeting of citizens, on the 27th, resolutions were adopted, declaring the loyalty of the citizens of Pittsburg to the Union, deprecating any interference with the shipment of arms under the Government, however inopportune or impolitic the order may be; and deploring the existence of the state of things, and the connection of frauds with the Administration of important departments of the public service as having shaken the confidence of the people of the free States.

Also, the following resolution:

Resolved, That while Pennsylvania is on guard at the Federal capital, it is her especial duty to look to the fidelity of her sons; and in that view we call on our President, as citizens of this Commonwealth, to see that the Republic receives no detriment at his hands. It behooves the President to purge his Cabinet of every man known to give aid and comfort to or in any wise countenancing the revolt of any of the States against the authority of the Constitution and the laws of the Union.

A dispatch from Hon. Robert McKnight was read, asking the people to make no further resistance, but ask for a suspension of the shipment of the guns until further advices from Washington, was read and approved.

DIPTHERIA.—As the newspapers are full of remedies for this dangerous affection of the throat, some of them very good, and some of them very silly, we will give one which we know to be used by some eminent physicians, and which we have never known to fail, if applied early. Diptheria, in its early stages, may be recognized by any person of ordinary capacity, by two marked symptoms; the sensation of a bone or hard substance in the throat, rendering swallowing difficult and painful, and a marked fœtor, or unpleasant smell of the breath, the result of its putrefactive tendency. On the appearance of these symptoms, if the patient is old enough to do so, give a piece of gum camphor, of the size of a marrowfat pea, and let it be retained in the mouth, swallowing slowly the saliva charged with it until it is all gone. In an hour or so give another, and at the end of another hour a third; a fourth will not usually be required, but if the pain and unpleasant breath are not relieved, it may be used two or three times more, at a little longer intervals, say two hours.

If the child is young, powder the camphor, which can easily be done by adding a drop or two of spirits or alcohol to it, and mix it with an equal quantity of powdered loaf sugar, or better, powdered rock candy, and blow it through a quill or tube into its throat, depressing the tongue with the haft of a spoon. Two or three applications will relieve. Some recommend powdered aloes or pellitory with the camphor, but observation and experience have satisfied us that the camphor is sufficient alone. It acts probably by its virtue as diffusible stimulant, and antiseptic qualities.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

THE Fremont mines at Mariposa, Cal., are reported as yielding at the rate of seventy thousand dollars per month, but the expenses are not given, so that the actual profit cannot be calculated.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

ABSTRACTION OF PUBLIC FUNDS.

It was discovered last week, that the Indian Bureau has been robbed of eight hundred and seventy thousand dollars of State bonds, with coupons attached, in which the annuity bonds were last year invested. There are rumors also of other abstractions in the other departments. By the authority of the Secretary of the Interior, an injunction has been served on the Bank of the Republic, New York City, to prevent said Bank disposing of the abstracted bonds which are supposed to be in its possession. The Bank denies the charge.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Mr. Wm. H. Russell, the supply contractor of the Utah army, was arrested to-day, on the charge of being implicated in the abstraction of the Indian trust funds. He will be taken to Washington to-night.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—It appears from the facts in connection with the late abstraction of the bonds of the Indian trust funds, that about five months ago, Wm. H. Russell, of the firm of Majors, Russell & Waddell, held about a million of dollars of the official acceptances of the Secretary of War. These acceptances had been given conditionally, in accordance with the usual course of business, for the transportation of the supplies of the army under the contract with the Government.

Mr. Russell finding himself unable to negotiate these acceptances, and being greatly embarrassed, pecuniarily, and ascertaining from Godard Bailey, with whom he was intimately acquainted, that the latter had control of over three millions of the Indian trust funds, invested in the bonds of different States, arranged with him to let him have about half a million dollars of these bonds, to be hypothecated in New York, and as security for which he gave Bailey the acceptances of the War Department, which Bailey placed in the safe where the bonds were kept. Recently these bonds have greatly depreciated, and the bankers in New York who made advances on them, therefore, called for additional security. Bailey, in order to save the bonds, delivered over three hundred thousand dollars' worth of them additional—making in all $870,000.

On the 18th inst., he addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, imparting these facts, and requesting an investigation. This letter he gave to a Senator to be delivered to the Secretary on his return from North Carolina, which request was complied with. The investigation yesterday proved the truth of these statements.

Suter, Lea & Co., compose the banking firm through which the negotiation was transacted.

It may be stated that the acceptances of the Secretary of War have been given from time to time, in compliance with a contract with Russell, Majors & Co., and until recently that firm have had no difficulty in negotiating them. To-day, Mr. Bailey was arrested, at the instance of the Government, and required to give bail in the sum of $3,000 for his appearance at the next term of the criminal court.

The Special Committee of the House to which the investigation of the subject is referred, consists of Messrs. Morris, of Illinois, Conkling, of New York, Bocock, of Virginia, Harris, of Maryland, and Case, of Indiana.

Bayley will become the government witness. Other parties, without complicity in the fraud, have been used merely as negotiators of the securities. What Russell has done with the $800,000 is yet a mystery. Bayley was originally from South Carolina, but lately from Alabama. Of course the throwing of such a large amount of State bonds on the New York market, has had somewhat to do with the recent decline of prices.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, say that while the cheap press is flooding the nation with books and periodicals, works of an injurious and immoral tendency, are passing out of favor. They offer the following estimates as the result of careful inquiry into the cheap periodical trade. 1. Works of an improving tendency, circulating per month 8,043,500. 2. Works of an exciting nature, but not positively immoral, circulation per month, 1,500,000. 3. Works immoral, and opposed to the religion of the country, circulation per month, probably under 80,000.

IT is four thousand miles from Cape Race to San Francisco, and news has travelled this distance in the almost mirculously short time of nine days!

A LITTLE boy, in Vermont, who swallowed a cent last summer, is dying slowly by copper poison. His legs have become useless.

THE London Court Journal, states that a great sensation has been caused among the principal jewellers by the introduction of a "scented diamond." The stone has been recently discovered in Ava, and has the same value as others, the same transparency and brilliancy, and the same weight; but it possesses the most extraordinary quality of emitting a very agreeable odor under the influence of a high temperature—such, for instance, as is more frequently than agreeably felt in the ball-room.

THE Democratic State Committee of Illinois have called a State Convention, to be held in Springfield on the 16th of January, to confer as to the existing national crisis, and to adopt some line of policy relative thereto.

ANOTHER ROYAL PRINCE COMING.—It is announced that Prince Alfred is about to visit North America, in his capacity of midshipman of the screw war steamer St. George, and will probably put into some of the ports of the United States.

COTTON FROM PERU.—The Journal of Commerce says considerable interest has been manifested in New York, within a few days, relative to an invoice of Peruvian cotton received, via Panama. It is part of a shipment of 1,500 bales, most of which was consigned to Europe. The quality is very beautiful, and the samples shown would sell readily at fifteen cents, even in the present state of the market. The plant from which it is taken is said to be a perennial shrub in Peru, indigenous to the soil, the growth of which already extends over a considerable tract of country, and needing only a little labor in the way of cultivation to yield large returns.

THE Hon. W. L. Dayton, of New Jersey, has accepted a place in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. He and Mr. Bates, of St. Louis, are said to be the only members yet determined upon.

BIGLER, of Pennsylvania, meeting John Cochrane casually in the hall of Willard's Hotel, said, "What about this Bailey fraud, Cochrane; do you hear anything in addition?" "Oh," replied Cochrane, "there is nothing in Addition, it's all in Subtraction."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1156 head. Prices ranging from $7,50 to 9,25 ⅌ 100 lbs; a few head brought $9,50 ⅌ cwt. Sheep—3500 head were sold at 5c, live weight, and about 10c ⅌ lb, dressed. 145 Cows brought prices according to quality, a few selling as high as $60 ⅌ head. Hogs—1162 head brought from $6,74 to 7,26 ⅌ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 29.—FLOUR firm; sales of 8000 bbls.—Wheat firm but quiet, holders are more disposed to realize. Corn firm; sales of 30,000 bus at 70@72c. Lard dull at 10@10½c. Whiskey steady at 19@19½c.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—With continued light receipts and better advices from abroad, holders of Flour have realized a further advance of 12½ @25c ⅌ bbl since the close of last week, and about 6000 bbls found buyers for export at $5,[illegible]@5,12½ for mixed and good straight superfine, including extra at $5,[illegible], extra family at $5,25@5,50, as to brand. The sales to the trade have also been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $5,75 to 6,75 ⅌ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour continues scarce, and sells in a small way at $3,62½@3,75 ⅌ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce and rather more inquired for, and some 600 bbls Penna Meal was taken at $2,75 ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and holders have put up their prices 5@10c ⅌ bus since the close of last week. Sales reach some 25,000 bus at from 115 to 125c for common to good and prime reds, the latter for Southern, which is now held higher, and 128 to 145c for fair to good and choice white, which is very scarce. Rye comes in slowly, and 2000 bus, mostly Penna, sold on arrival at 70c, and some Southern at 70c. Corn is in better demand and about 20,000 bus yellow sold at 64@65c for old, which is scarce, and 58@59c for new, as to dryness. Oats are firmer, with moderate receipts and sales at 32c for Southern and 33@34c for Penna.

PROVISIONS.—There is a little better feeling in the market, and Mess Pork is firm but quiet at $16,50@17 ⅌ bbl. Dressed Hogs are worth $6@6,50 the 100 lbs. Beef ranges at $12 and $14 for city packed Mess, and but little selling. Bacon is taken in lots, as wanted, mostly to go south, at 9½c for Sides, and 7½c for Shoulders, usual credit. Hams are selling in a small way at 11½@12½c for plain and fancy cured. Of Green Meats, sales of 3@400 casks are reported at 6½@7c for Shoulders in salt, 8½c for Sides, and 8½@9½c for Hams, in salt and pickle, equal terms. Lard is scarce, and selling in lots, on arrival, at 9¾@10¼c for tierces and bbls, and 11@11½c for kegs, cash and time. Butter moves off slowly at 14@16c for roll, the latter for prime. Packed continues dull at 9@10c. Cheese is steady, with about the usual business doing, at 10½@11c ⅌ lb. Eggs are in fair demand at 18c ⅌ dozen.

COTTON.—The week's sales reach some 600 bales, mostly Uplands, taken in small lots at from 6 up to 12¼c, cash and time, chiefly at equal to 10½@11¼c for middlings and middling fair quality, cash.

BARK is but little inquired for, and some further small sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron have been made, on arrival, at $26 ⅌ ton. The receipts continue light. No change in Tanners' Bark, and nothing doing.

BEESWAX is held above the views of buyers, and we quote good Yellow at 31@32c ⅌ lb.

COAL.—The shipping season is nearly over.—Prices are nominally unchanged.

COFFEE.—There have been no further arrivals, and a small business to notice at about previous rates; the sales reaching some 1200 bags, mostly Rio, in lots, at from 11½c to 12½c, including some Laguayra at 13½c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER continues dull, with but little movement to notice in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling in a small way only at 47@48c ⅌ lb.

FRUIT.—The market has been rather quiet. Green Apples selling in lots, as wanted, at $1,50 @2 ⅌ bbl; Dried do 3@3½c; Peaches 5@7c for Unpared, and 10@12c for Pared, as to lots.—Cranberries range at from $5 to $12 ⅌ bbl, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers; about 250 bales Jute, just in, sold some time since on terms kept private.

HIDES.—There has been very little movement in the market, and no further sales of dry hides have come under our notice.

HOPS.—The demand is very light at 30@33c for new crop, Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market for this staple continues almost at a stand still, but without any material change to note in price or demand. In manufactured Iron there is very little doing, and prices are nominally the same.

LEAD is dull and unsettled, the stock in first hands is light, but buyers are not disposed to operate, and we hear of no sales.

LEATHER.—The market has ruled very inactive, but without any material change to note.

LUMBER.—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and quotations are nearly nominal.

MOLASSES.—There is a better feeling in the market, and some further sales of New Orleans are reported at 34@35c, on the usual terms; holders now generally ask more.

PLASTER.—There is none offering or selling, and we quote soft nominally at $275 ⅌ ton.

RICE.—The receipts and stocks are light, and the market steady at 3¾@3⅞c ⅌ lb, with sales of 100 casks at the former rate; the demand is limited.

SEEDS.—There has been a fair demand for Cloverseed during the past week, and nearly all the lots offered, some 3000 bus, found buyers at $5@5,50, mostly at $5,25@5,37½ ⅌ bus for prime, including 1000 bus Western, to arrive, at $5,25, and some re-cleaned seed at $5,50@5,62½c ⅌ bus. Timothy and Flaxseed are nearly nominal; we quote the former at $2@2,25, and the latter at $1,40@1,45 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is very little doing in foreign, and no change to note in the market for either Brandy or Gin. N E Rum is selling as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is steady, bbls selling at 18@18½c; Drudge at 17@17½c, and hhds at 17½@18c in a small way only at the highest figures.

SUGARS.—The market is firmer, but very inactive, the trade and the refiners coming forward slowly at the advance, and a few small lots only, some 300 hhds in all, mostly New Orleans, have been disposed of at from 5¼ to 6⅝c, according to quality, on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—There is a small business doing, and we quote city at 9@9½c, and country at 8@8½c ⅌ lb.

TOBACCO.—There is no change in the market, and a limited business doing in both Leaf and manufactured.

WOOL.—There is little or nothing doing in this staple; and the market is dull and unsettled.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18[illegible]		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	[illegible]	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	93	—
" " new	99¼	99¾
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'ny City 6 pr ct,	—	—
" County	—	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	96	—
" 5 "	89½	89¾
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	—	[illegible]
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	65½	66
imp, 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	8¼
preferred	—	—
Lehigh Nav stock	47	47½
mort 6 pr ct	101	101
scrip	32	33
Morris Consol'd	[illegible]	—
preferred	108	—
Ches & Del	35	—
bonds	—	89
Union	5	—
bonds	19	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	—	57
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	98	99
2nd "	85	—
stock	36½	36¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	96
stock	118	121
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	88
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '86	67	68
stock	17 80-100	18
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	36½	37
6 pr ct loan, '60	90	—
Elmira 7's 1st mort	65	66
2nd "	17	18½
stock	3	3½
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	60	—
preferred 10 pr ct	36	—
North Penn'a R R stock	7	7½
6 pr ct loan	65½	66
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	45½	47
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Erie R R stock	27	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	78½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	—	63½
Michigan Southern	15½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, December 29, 1860.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	10 dis.
Canada	½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to ½ dis.	New Hampshire	par
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	10 dis.	New York City	1 prem.
Georgia	10 dis.	New York State	[illegible]
Illinois	[illegible]	North Carolina	10 dis.
Indiana	2 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	10 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	3 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	2½ dis.	South Carolina	10 dis.
Maine	par	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maryland	½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	par	Vermont	par
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	5 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of the bride's father, near Jonesboro, Ills., on Sunday, Dec. 16th, 1860, by George Orrick, Mr. SAMUEL HARTMAN, to Miss SOPHIA E. HILLMAN.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. H. S. Clarke, Mr. J. S. BUNDICK, Jr. to Miss ELLA HELLER, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. SHEWBART B. ARMITAGE, to Miss LAVENIA C. BOWER, both of this city.

In Middletown Township, Bucks county, Pa. on the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. E. Smith, Mr. JAMES A. AULL, to Miss MARGARET W. PRAY, both of this city.

At Lambertville, on the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Studdiford, W. W. STEEL, of this city, to LIZZIE O. daughter of Saml. D. Stryker, Esq.

On the 30th of Oct. 1860, by the Rev. I. C. Thomas, Mr. WILLIAM TOWELL, of Philadelphia, to Miss HANNAH E. DENNISON, formerly of Wilmington.

On the 31st of Oct. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, WILLIAM H. PIERREPONT, to Miss HARRIET FRITH, daughter of Edward Frith, of Germantown.

At Le Roy, New York, on the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. E. Whittlesey, Mr. JOHN S. CANBY, of Philada. to Miss MARY S. KELLOGG, of Le Roy.

On the 8th of Nov. by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. C. MOORE, to Miss LIZZIE B. FLOURNAME, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, GRACE BRADLEY, relict of John Bradley, and eldest daughter of the late Matthew Randall, in her 77th year.

At her residence in Wilmington, Del. on third-day morning, ELIZABETH B. MORRIS, in her 70th year.

In the city of New York, on Sunday, Dec. 23d, ANNA KING, wife of Howard C. Phillips, and daughter of Hezekiah King, of Bristol, Pa.

On the morning of the 22d ultimo, ANNE GRISCOM BROWN, wife of Thornton Brown, and only daughter of Geo. and Mercy B. Griscom, aged 26.

On the 23d ultimo, LEWIS S. BRYANT, aged 46.

In Bardstown, Ky, on the morning of the 19th ultimo, SIDNEY, son of John and Mary E. Mason, in his 21st year.

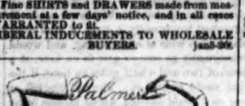
Suddenly, on the 24th ultimo, JOHN HOPSON, aged 31 years.

On the morning of the 24th of Dec. AMANDA M. wife of James Fenton, and daughter of Andw. B. and S. A. Godshall, in her 26th year.

On Saturday, Dec. 22d, JOHN L. POMEROY, of this city.

WINCHESTER & CO.,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY,
NO. 706 CHESTNUT STREET,
Above Seventh, opposite the Washington House.

Fine SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.
LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO WHOLESALE BUYERS. jan5-3m



This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent*.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

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LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR.

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PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They Impart Strength; they Annihilate Pain.

PARK'S Patent POROUS PRICKLY PLASTERS Are Sold By all Dealers From 1 to 1½ Dimes.

THESE DELIGHTFUL PLASTERS yield readily to the motion of the body, absorb perspiration and throw off all the offensive congulated impurities of the system. They should be used for all Chronic Pains, Faintness, Dyspepsia, Colds, Consumption, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, etc. They retain their active properties when other Plasters are useless, and *where applied pain cannot exist.* Every family should have them. One size on cloth, three sizes on leather. Sample sent by mail, on receipt of 25 cents.
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REDUCED PRICES.

The moderate price at which Machines, making the GROVER & BAKER stitch, can now be had, brings them within the reach of all, and renders the use of Machines making inferior stitches as uneconomical as it is unwise.

Persons desiring the best Machines, and the right to use them, must not only be sure to buy Machines making the GROVER & BAKER stitch, but also that such Machines are made and stamped under our patents and those of ELIAS HOWE, JR.
GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,
495 Broadway, New York.

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All persons are cautioned not to make, deal in, or use any Sewing Machines which sew from two spools and make the stitch known as the GROVER & BAKER stitch, unless the same are purchased from the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company, or their Agents, or Licensees, and stamped under my patent of September 10, 1846.

Said Company, and their Licensees, alone, are legally authorized under their own patents, and my said patent, during the extended term thereof, to make and sell this kind of Sewing Machine, and all others are piracies upon my said patent, and will be dealt with accordingly, wherever found. ELIAS HOWE, JR.
New York. nov24-6t

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Our facilities enable us to sell at the lowest prices. Politeness and fair dealing strictly observed.

CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
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No connection with any other house.
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SILVER WARE.

We have now on hand a large assortment of Silver Ware, comprising Plain and Fancy patterns of *Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Cream and Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, and Napkin Rings, &c., &c.* The above articles made for our own sales, are *warranted equal to coin*, and sold at the lowest prices. CASSIDY & BALL,
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"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
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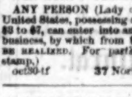
DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.



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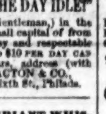


Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

TWO VERDICTS

from two very important sources, in relation to

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

The first of these decisions is from the pen of Dr. Chilton, who has no equal in this country as an analytic chemist, and declares the dye to be *absolutely free from deleterious ingredients.* This may be called

THE SCIENTIFIC VERDICT.

The second decision is a popular one. The thousands who use the dye are unanimous in recommending it, above all others, for the exquisite naturalness of the blacks and browns it imparts, and the rapidity of its effect. This is

THE POPULAR VERDICT.

The documents which constitute these verdicts may be seen at the establishment of CHRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York. It is sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
jan5-2t

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

Really Emphatic.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly 'new I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarther and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A Real Blessing.

Physician—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

Physician—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

Mrs. Jones—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing*.

FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE SICK HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.
nov17-1y

Wit and Humor.

THE BABY IN THE HOUSE.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE,

Author of the "Angel in the House," &c.

[illegible]

I.

The Nurse.

"A finer than your newborn child,"
The Doctor said, "I never saw,"
And I, but half believing, smiled
To think he thought me jolly raw.
And then I viewed the crimson thing,
And listened to its doleful squeal,
And rather wished the nurse would bring
The pap-boat with its earliest meal.
My wife remarked, "I fear, [illegible],"
The Doctor, "Madam, never fear,"
"'Tis hard, Ma'am, in so young a cub
To say." Then Nurse, "A cub? a Dear!"

II.

The Glove.

"'Twere most you tied the knocker up,"
The Doctor laughed, and said, "Good-bye,
And fill you down that yelping pup
Your lady will not close an eye."
Then round I [illegible] in the snows,
And Ponto heard his fate was near,—
How few of coachmen will refuse
A crown to spend in beastly beer!
And then I bought a white kid glove,
Lucina's last and favorite sign,
Wound it the knocker's brass above,
And tied it with a piece of twine.

III.

The Advertisement.

"But, Love," she said, in gentle voice,
('Twas ever delicate and low,)
"The fact which makes our hearts rejoice
So many folks would like to know.
My Scottish cousins, on the Clyde,
Your uncle at Northevering Gap,
The Adams's at Morningside,
And Josie, who sent me up the cap.
So do." The new commencing life
The Times announced, "May 31,
At 16, Blackstone Place, the wife
Of Samuel Barbot, of a son."

IV.

The Godfathers.

"Of course your father must be one,"
Jemima said, in thoughtful tones;
"But what's the use of needy Gunn,
And I detest that miser Jones."
I hinted Brown. "Well, Brown would do,
But then his wife's a horrid Guy."
Do Hobbins? "Herds with such a crew."
Well, love, whom have you in your eye?
"Dear Mr. Barbot." Yes, he'd stand,
And as you say, he's seventy-three,
Rich, childless, hates that red-nosed band
Of nephews—Barbot let it be.

V.

The Godmother.

"We ought to ask your sister Kate,"
"Indeed, I shan't," Jemima cried,
"She's given herself such airs of late,
I'm out of patience with her pride.
Proud that her squinting husband (Sam,
You know I hate that little sneak,)
Has got a post at Amsterdam,
Where luckily he goes next week.
No, never ask of kin and kith,
We'll have that wife of George Bethune's,
Her husband is a silversmith,
And she'll be sure to give some spoons."

VI.

The Christening.

"I sign him," said the Curate, Howe,
O'er Samuel Barbot George Bethune,
Then baby kicked up such a row
As terrified that reverend coon.
The breakfast was a stunning spread
As e'er confectioner sent in,
And playfully my darling said,
"Sam costs papa no end of tin."
We laughed, made speeches, drank for joy:
Champagne hath stereoscopic charms;
For when nurse brought our little boy,
I saw two babies in her arms.

Curious Epitaphs.—A correspondent of the Christian Inquirer copied the following novel epitaph from a village graveyard:

> This stone is sacred to the memory of
> Mrs. Dorothy Sanderson.
> She was a virtuous wife, a tender mother, a faithful friend, and *always attended public worship.*

There is one part of the graveyard which I call Blue Beard's lot. Seven wives lie side by side—Huldah, Betsy, Deborah, Mary, Hannah, Abigail and Martha. All have a heart-breaking epitaph; but I will only give you Huldah's:

> See there, all pale and dead she lies;
> Forever flow my streaming eyes!—
> See beauty, wit, and sweetness there,
> Oh, view the change, and drop a tear!

I will give you only one more. It is upon a girl of tender years, and whether the addition is an improvement upon Young, I leave you to decide:

> Death loves a shining mark, *and in this case he had it.*

A Similar Question.—A Scot and an Irishman, threshing for a Dutch farmer in Fishkill, the farmer observed to the latter, who was fresh from the bogs of Killarney, that in the course of a long residence in this country, he had remarked the uncommon docility of their horses; that among the many instances of their tractability, he had actually seen them employed in threshing out wheat.

"Arrah, my jewel," cried Pat, "Mr. Murphy, I am [illegible] years too ripe to believe that."

The Scot insisted that what he said was true. And Pat, staggered at length by his [illegible] and repeated assertions, exclaimed, [illegible]:

"[illegible] how do they hould the flails?"

An Unreasonable Request.—When the United States army started for Utah, there was a scarcity of transportation, or, in other words, there were too few baggage wagons. Now every soldier knows how like the apple of one's eye are these same baggage wagons, drawn, as they are, by six mules, on the long marches across the plains.

A colonel of dragoons, who had command of one of the columns, restricted the officers very much in their allowance of baggage, and was most bitter if any one tried to exceed the just amount.

One morning the colonel met one of his captains (a dragoon, of course), when he burst out as follows:

"Captain, do you know what those artillery officers want to take across the plains?"

"No, colonel, I do not," said the captain, with an inquiring look.

"Well," said he, "if you'll believe me, there's *one* of 'em wants to take across a box of books."

"Books!" exclaimed the captain; "what next, I wonder? Now, colonel, I have but little to take across myself—nothing, in fact, but a barrel of whiskey."

"*Of course, captain, of course*; anything in reason, *anything in reason*; but the idea of carrying a parcel of books across that stretch is a little more than I can stand."

Gam-mel Hill.—An old preacher, in the Eastern part of the State of North Carolina, was, on one occasion, in a sermon, defending the favorite notion of his sect—that no education is necessary for a minister of the gospel, and made use of this most unanswerable *argumentum ad hominem*:

"Now, my brethren, when did you ever read or hear that the disciples were edicated men? No such thing. They were every one ignorant fishermen, like yourselves. But then, some tell you that Paul was a learned man. No such thing; *for* he tells us himself that he was brought up at the foot of Gam-mel Hill. *Brought up*, mark ye, not edicated. Now Paul was the chief of the Apostles, and if he was *brought up only* at the *foot* of Gam-mel Hill, he must have had no edication. Why? Because, my brethren, *I know*, *and you know*, where Gam-mel Hill is; and you all know that on the *top* of Gam-mel Hill there is only an old tumble-down-log-cabin of a *school-house*. No *college*, mark ye. Now it stands to reason if Paul himself was *brought up* only at the foot of Gam-mel Hill, not even in the old school-house at the top, he must have had no edication; therefore, edication is not necessary *for* a minister of the gospel."

Another Good Defence.—A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a joker in the neighborhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defence offered on trial by the wag:

1. By testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a *calf*.

2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite.

3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness.

4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth.

5. My dog died six weeks ago.

6. I never had a dog!

"When Ignorance is Bliss 'Tis Folly to be Wise."—In a church (not quite a hundred miles from London) the other Sabbath-day, a person entered a pew, and, believing he had got a seat, unfortunately sat down upon the dress of a lady who happened to be rather highly crinolined. In an instant he rose to his feet, and begged the lady's pardon in these words:

"Yere pardon, mem; but I'm afeard I've broken your umbrella."

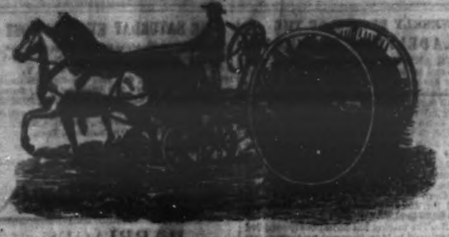
"Nothing wrong," said the lady, blushing.

Agricultural.

SALT.

Some modern agricultural writers have doubted the necessity of giving animals salt. The following remarks as to the effect of salt upon health, by Prof. James F. Johnston, of Scotland, may be relished by those who still put salt in their own puddings, and allow their cattle a little now and then:

"The wild buffalo frequents the salt-licks of Northwestern America; the wild animals in the central parts of Southern Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself behind a salt spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this delicious luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that without salt man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient, or unchemical modern, could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt; why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste."



THE AMERICAN TERRACULTOR.

The above engraving represents a Terraculter like that worked on the 7th of November, at the nurseries of Messrs. Ellwanger and Barry, when its workings were witnessed by Messrs. Bronson Murray, of Illinois; Luther Tucker, of Albany; John J. Thomas, of Cayuga, and other gentlemen interested in agricultural improvement. The engraving also substantially represents the machine worked at the nurseries of Messrs. A. Frost and Co. (The seed-box is not shown in the engraving, as it is not attached, except when seed-sowing is required, and the omission enables the engraver to show the machine more perfectly.)

It may be premised that the above engraving represents a Terraculter cutting ten inches depth and nearly four feet width; or about double the average depth, and fourfold the average width of the plough furrow-slice. The machines at the two places were worked partly with six horses, and partly with only four. The draft, with machines of this weight required six horses; but the reduced weight of future machines of the same size will bring them within the power of four horses or oxen, with a single driver.

The Terraculter is designed to supply the great agricultural desideratum mentioned in the U. S. Patent-Office Report on Agriculture, for 1859. While discussing the experiments with *steam* ploughing, that Report says:—"Every one knows how much better is the preparation of the garden by forking up and raking, than by turning with plough and harrowing; and *the implement desired now*, in place of the plough, is a *forking or digging machine*, that shall, at *one operation*, stir the ground to sufficient depth—leaving it as nearly as possible in the condition of a garden-bed prepared with a fork." The extent to which the Terraculter can supply this great farming necessity, may be inferred from the following statements:

After saying that the soil of Ellwanger and Barry's grounds, where the machine was worked, was "a medium loam, free from stone—the surface uneven, and the soil wet by the abundant rains"—Messrs. Tucker and Thomas state that "The machine was entirely successful in its operation, and reduced the soil to a condition quite similar to that of spading or forking, except that it did not invert it, but scattered and intermixed all portions promiscuously. It was drawn by six horses, although but four had been used. It pulverised handsomely a strip of land forty [six] inches wide at each passing, and would consequently go *over an acre in an hour*, at a speed of two and a half miles an hour, if the team could endure it. The soil was left as *loose as it could lie*—the whole motion being to raise it, instead of pressing it down, as with a harrow, or crowding it into a mass, as in ploughing. The advantages of this machine, as they appeared to us at the time (continue Messrs. T. and T.) are—

"1. It throws the soil up and loosens it thoroughly, instead of pressing it down, as in harrowing, &c.

"2. It forms no subterranean crust, as is always done by the sole of the plough, and the tread of horses' feet in the furrows.

"3. The teeth clear themselves completely of all obstructions, and cannot clog, in consequence both of the centrifugal force which they give to the soil and by their sudden expansion asunder as the chains pass around the lower cylinder.

"4. Its working is not attended with the heavy friction between the sod and mouldboard always existing in ploughing.

"5. By taking a wider sweep of land at each passing, a single hand is able to direct a larger quantity of work daily than by the use of the single plough.

"6. Should culture by steam be adopted at some future time, the use of this machine would be equally adapted to this force, and would not be liable to the imperfect work which the gang plough attached to the moving engine has hitherto made."

These "six points of excellence" include all that is generally considered essential in cultivation; and Mr. Tucker personally, in a letter, expresses "gratification at the success in getting up a machine which affords so high a promise of usefulness to the farmer, and through him, to the community at large, not only in this country, but to the great masses of Europe—for every invention which tends to cheapen bread and meat, is a blessing to the world."

Mr. Bronson Murray, widely known for his efforts in stimulating agricultural improvements by a proposed premium of fifty thousand dollars for the best steam plough, witnessed the working of the Terraculter, in company with Messrs. Tucker, Thomas, Barry, Ellwanger, and others. Mr. Murray, who took special pains with a hand spade to ascertain the depth and thoroughness of the cultivation, is not less emphatic than the gentlemen already quoted. He says:—"It is not to be questioned that the work which the Terraculter performs, in fitting land for the seed, is *superior to any method or sets of methods known to practical agriculture in this country*. This was admitted by all who saw its work." "The machine appears to be of perfect simplicity," continues Mr. Murray. "Every part that could give way can be replaced by the counterpart of the piece itself, without further loss, in case of accident—as much so as a link to a chain"—and the links in a Terraculter chains are arranged so that a new link can be instantaneously inserted by the driver. Mr. Murray sums up his commendations by declaring that "it (the Terraculter) left the soil in a condition to defy competition from the spade or even the fork—much less the plough and the harrow."

Inquiry concerning the *peculiarities* of an invention which thus inaugurates a "Revolution in the culture of the earth," may be briefly answered by reference to the following statements of the *New York World*:

"1. Unlike all other rotary machines intended for cultivating the earth, *its diggers are attached* (not to a roller or cylinder) but to *broad, endless chains*, which chains pass around wheels and rollers as the machine moves along—which wheels and rollers are so arranged, that the diggers are pressed nearly perpendicularly into the earth by the weight of the machine as it rolls onward, while the earth is thrown up and pulverised by the short, sharp leverage across the hind rollers as the ranges of teeth or diggers pass successively under [and around] the said hind rollers while the machine moves forward.

"2. In this novel combination, the mechanical mind will discover the *reasons why the Terraculter is successful*, while all former attempts at making rotary diggers (with spikes or claws projecting from solid cylinders,) have utterly failed, and ever must fail.

"3. The combination of chains and teeth and wheels requisite for producing this great effect, *is claimed as original in the Terraculter*; and similar good results (it is added) cannot be produced by any combination of machinery different from that already patented in the Terraculter.

"4. Indeed, the Terraculter may be considered the embodiment of a combination of points so different from anything now otherwise existing, as to amount to the discovery and use of (what may be termed) a *new principle* in agricultural machinery.

SALTING WHEAT IN THE MOW.

Most of our readers know the effect of salting rather green hay, when it is put into the mow. But few, doubtless, have ever thought of or practiced salting wheat. W. P. Cooper, of Lancaster, Pa., in an essay on Cutting and Harvesting Grain, published in the Farmer and Gardener says, in storing wheat in a mow, he commences on one side, places the sheaves in irregular layers with the butts outside, tramping heavily on the butt of each as it is laid down. The next layer is placed with the tops lapping about half way over the first, care being taken to keep the heads or tops uppermost. When the entire space of the mow is covered in this way, common ground salt is sprinkled all over the mow on the top of the layer, at the rate of four quarts to every twenty dozen sheaves of wheat—a larger proportion of salt if the sheaves are very large. During the sweating the salt is dissolved and absorbed by the grain and straw. The effect of this practice has been, to make the grain brighter and bring two or three cents more per bushel, than that which was not salted. Millers say the yield of flour is larger and whiter. Cattle eat the straw freely. It is a most effectual remedy against the barn weevil. Experience has *proved* this to be a fact.

Shoeing Horses for Winter Travel.—N. P. Willis, of the Home Journal, in one of his recent Idlewild Letters, says: "You will have discovered, of course, that you cannot have uninterrupted winter riding with a horse shod in the ordinary way. The sharp points of frozen mud will wound the frog of the foot, and with snow on the ground, the hollow hoof soon collects a hard ball, which makes the footing very insecure. But these evils are remedied by a piece of sole leather nailed on under the shoe—a protection to the hoof which makes a surprising difference in the confidence and sure-footedness of the animal's step."

Quantity of Blood Contained in the Body of a Horse.—The quantity of blood contained in the body of a horse is equal to about one-eighth part of the weight of his entire body. A horse will lose about one-fifteenth part of the weight of his entire body, of blood, ere he dies, yet a smaller quantity than this often destroys life.

Gas Tar.—Jas. Taylor says that his trees which were protected from mice by the application of gas tar, were very much injured by the tar becoming hard, stopping up the pores of the bark and preventing it from performing its functions. He says:—Keep your orchards clean, and vermin will not trouble them.

☞ **Innocence.**—The Little Pilgrim has the following:—"Little Susie H., poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked, with much vehemence, "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel—and I needn't, need I?" "Why, Susie?" questioned the mother. "Humph! have off all my pretty clothes, and wear *fedders like a hen!*"

POWER OF HABIT.

It is a fearful law of our nature by which our horror of what is most unnatural may by usage be changed first to indifference and then to approval.

An Italian refugee, who was an officer of the Inquisition, relates that it was a most common thing for newly appointed officers to faint and even to become seriously ill in consequence of the revolt of their nature from the horrors of "the question." The old hands, however, discussed the news of the day, took snuff, and dozed leisurely, while their victims gurgled and gasped by their side. When he complained to one of these that the horror of the thing disturbed his dreams and was undermining his health, he was tenderly answered—"*That*, my son, is *nature*—and nature is strong; you can only overcome it by fleeing to grace."

St. Augustine relates that among the gay young bloods of Rome during the time of his dissipated days there, was one who from native delicacy of fibre could not endure the gladiatorial shows of the Coliseum, and could never be induced to witness one. His young companions determined to cure him of being such a milksop, and so bound him hand and foot and carried him in, and held him down between them. At first he kept his eyes shut, but the mesmeric power of public sympathy prevailed; and before the exhibition was over, he was one of the most eager spectators, and after that one of the maddest attendants at those bloody tragedies, until he was stopped by the power of the Gospel.—M. Stowe, *in Independent.*

Advice to an Editor.—In a conversation had with a member of Mr. Madison's Administration, Mr. Gales, the senior editor of the National Intelligencer, in his diary, relates, that the Secretary gives him, then young in the profession, a piece of advice which was as follows:

"Above all things, avoid altercations with other editors—it is always disagreeable to readers; and a paper is more respected for carrying itself above it."

"You ought," said the cabinet officer, to the editor, "no more condescend to it than the Secretary of State would."

☞ The lazzaroni of Naples are divided into two political parties—the Retrogades and Liberals, haunting distinct quarters. The Liberals have now petitioned to be no longer called *lazzaroni*, but *popolani*.

Useful Receipts.

Mince Pies.—Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants nicely cleaned and perfectly dry, one pound and a half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg, and a few cloves and mace, with pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange and lemon peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

Mince Meat.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

Burns.—The Gazette Medicale of France, says that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and deserves a trial.

Cure for In-growing Nails.—It is stated by a correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal, that cauterization with hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. He says:—"The patient on whom I first tried this was a young lady who had been unable to put on shoes for several months, and decidedly the worst case I had ever seen. The disease had been of long standing. The edge of the nail was deeply undermined; the granulations formed a high ridge, partly covered with skin, and pus constantly oozing from the root of the nail; the whole toe was swollen, and extremely tender and painful. My mode of proceeding was this:—I put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon and heated it over a lamp until it became very hot, and dropped two or three drops between the nail and granulations. The effect was magical. Pain and tenderness were at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations were all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The cure was complete, and the trouble never returned. I have tried this plan repeatedly since, with the same satisfactory results. The operation causes little if any pain, if the tallow is properly heated."

Brown Dye for Wool.—Brown or fawn color, though in fact a compound, is usually ranked among the simple colors, because it is applied to cloth by a simple process. Various substances are used for by brown dyes. Walnut peels, or the green covering of the walnut, when first separated, are white-internally, but soon assume a brown or even a black color, on exposure to the air. They readily yield their coloring matter to water. They are usually kept in large casks, covered with water, for above a year before they are used. To dye wool brown with them, nothing more is needed than to steep the cloth in a decoction of them till it has acquired the wished-for color. The depth of the shade is proportioned to the strength of the decoction. If the cloth be first passed through a mordant of alum, the color is brightened. The root of the walnut-tree contains the same coloring matter, but in a less degree. The bark of the birch, too, and many other trees, may be used for the same purpose.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 19, 24, 10, 1, 8, 21, was a title of Bacchus.
My 17, 20, 14, 12, was the sister of Jupiter.
My [illegible], 4, 22, was a mountain near Troy.
My [illegible], 22, 15, 6, 22, was the goddess of flowers.
My 2, [illegible], 4, 16, 6, was a title of Pluto.
My 25, [illegible], 4, 8, 22, was the daughter of Æetes, and also a famous sorceress.
My 7, 23, 19, [illegible], 22, 8, 20, 6, was the place assigned the wicked in the lower regions.
My 13, 6, 12, 15, 14, was a great and mighty hunter.
My 2, 15, 8, 25, 3, 21, was a name of Mercury.
My whole was a memorable event in sacred history.

JACK ROCK, Jr.

Decatur, Ga.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 22, 18, 8, 26, was a son of Benjamin.
My 2, 23, 29, 30, is what the six winged seraphs cried unto the Lord.
My 21, 11, 25, is the place of Aaron's death.
My 6, 26, 19, 10, a plague which was sent upon Pharaoh.
My 3, 20, is a place spoken of in the Bible.
My 25, 4, 1, 6, is one who sought her people's good.
My 31, 3, was a king of Egypt.
My 9, 19, 28, 24, 5, was a teacher of much good.
My 14, 29, 23, 6, 27, 2, is a word in the book of the New Testament.
My 12, 7, 27, 13, 1, 12, was a haughty queen.
My 16, 11, 4, is a pronoun seldom used in the Bible.
My 34, 32, 20, 31, 26, is what many attended.
My 13, 27, 9, 21, 18, 23, was a queen of great love and noble courage.
My whole we should all obey.

ROSABELLE EUGENIA N——L.

La Clede Co., Mo.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An island in North America.
A city in Oregon.
A sea in the Eastern continent.
A cape in Europe.
A cape in Africa.
An island in Asia.
A lake in the United States.

CHARADES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

My first is a nickname; my second describes certain weather. My whole is a fabric.

II.

My first is an inclosed area; my second is of no use on land. My whole may take place in either my first or second.

III.

My first is my whole, and will certainly do my second.

C. H.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain portion of an Eastern railroad, 260 rods in length, has an elevation, the perpendicular measure of which is 20 feet. Required the power sufficient to sustain a train of cars weighing 240,000 lbs.?

GEO. DUNHAM.

Savoy, Mass.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing there are 1,496 round bullets, each of 6 inches in diameter, built up in a completed square pyramidical pile, by laying down in the square base thereof, in square rank, file and order, a sufficient number of them to complete with the remaining ones by the various layers thereon, and always into the grooves formed by the preceding lower layer, said pile by one single bullet at the top. The whole pile being well secured around the base, so that none of said bullets may roll or be pressed out of their places by the weight of those piled thereon, but the whole pile kept compactly together. What is the altitudinal height of the said finished square pyramidical pile of bullets?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan? *Ans.*—When there is a leek in it.

☞ What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? *Ans.*—Fiddle D. D.

☞ Why cannot the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? *Ans.*—Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.

☞ How many dog-stars are there? *Ans.*—Three. What are they? Sirius and the two Pointers.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Alexander Sassoni. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Great Britain. REBUS—Music—Haydn, (Massowah, Uttawa, Stornowa, Iliad, Croton.) CHARADE—Modesty. (Mode-sty.) CHARADE—Nutmeg-grater. (Nut-meg-grate-err.) ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—$110.

Answer to W. K. Goudy's ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, published in The Post November 10th, 1860, 643,692 revolutions.

J. F. H.

Manor Dale, Pa.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published Dec. 8th. The area of said triangle 33,600 square perches, or 210 acres. Length of shortest leg 240 perches. Longest 280 perches.

JOHN T. WILBER.

Polo, Ogle Co., Ills.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM, published Dec. 8th. A receives 13 acres 32 perches; B receives 26 acres 64 perches; C receives 39 acres 96 perches; D receives 52 acres 128 perches; E receives 66 acres 00 perches.

J. F. H.

Manor Dale, Pa.

☞ **The United States.**—Our country has increased in size more than three-fold since the close of the Revolutionary war. The United States have a territorial extent nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined. The American Republic is one-sixth only less in extent than the area covered by the fifty-nine empires, States and republics of Europe.